

The Improvement Era



DECEMBER 1948



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Dec,
1948

EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

AMONG modern Maya of Yucatan more than half are entirely free from dental decay in their permanent teeth until after they are twenty. Among white Americans more than half have dental decay in their permanent teeth before they are nine and more than ninety percent before they are fourteen. Another interesting difference Dr. S. G. Morley reports is an average pulse rate of fifty-two compared to our average of seventy-two heart beats per minute.

THE European grosbeak of the British Isles likes cherries, but not for the soft part. Unlike many birds it crushes the hard outer shell of the stone to get the preferred kernel.

INDIA is better mapped than the United States; it is the best mapped large area outside of western Europe.

CARBON ATOMS are first built into simple acids and sugars in green plants but they are to be found within the first hour in the more complicated molecules of cellulose, lignins, carotinoid pigments, amino acids, and proteins. Use of radioactive carbon 14 made possible following atoms.

PROFESSOR V. M. TANNER of Brigham Young University, has estimated that toads and frogs are worth twenty to thirty dollars apiece for services in farms and gardens.

A NEW "hypospray" gun painlessly shoots medicine into the body with air pressure through a hair-sized hole without using a needle.

THREE HUNDRED different chemical compounds have been obtained which are produced by the tuberculosis bacillus, a one-celled organism.

RECENT research on onions indicates the tear-producing substance is a chemical compound of the thioaldehyde type. Since this substance is not very volatile, the tears which come to the eyes of a person cutting onions seem to be caused by fine droplets of onion juice scattered by cutting the firm, juicy onion.

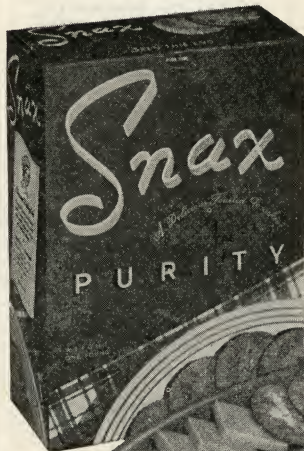
STREPTOMYCIN has been found to be of value in the treatment of tuberculosis.

Holiday hurry..



A crispy, golden-brown cracker that's perfect with canapes, soups, salads and beverages

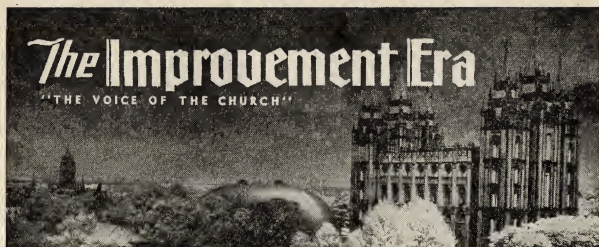
... SNAX have the salt-tang and buttery flavor that make them excitingly popular with everyone. Keep plenty on hand for quick and easy service to family and guests throughout the season of 'holiday hurry'. Always bakery-fresh at your Grocer's — in the bright red package.



Snax
by
PURITY



PURITY BISCUIT CO.
SALT LAKE • PHOENIX



December
1948

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NUMBER 12

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

The Editor's Page

A Message for Christmas.....George Albert Smith 785

Church Features

Baptism for the Dead in Ancient Times—I.....	Hugh Nibley	786
Vaudois Records Microfilmed.....	Archibald F. Bennett	790
The Lamanites as Portrayed in the Book of Mormon.....	Sidney B. Sperry	792
Evidences and Reconciliations: CXXIX—What Were the Sources of Joseph Smith's Greatness?.....	John A. Widtsoe	809
The Church Moves On.....	Presiding Bishopric's Page.....	816
Word Portraits, Goff Dowding.....	Missionaries Leaving for the Field in September.....	818
Melchizedek Priesthood.....	This Month with Church Publications.....	839
No-Liquor-Tobacco Column.....		

Special Features

Around the World on Christmas:		
South Africa.....	Richard E. Folland	794
Sweden.....	C. Fritz Johansson	794
Australia.....	Elvon W. Orme	795
Tonga.....	Evon W. Huntsman	795
Christmas in Colonia Juarez.....	Marba C. Josephson	799
Let's Talk It Over—"O Tannenbaum".....	Mary Brentnall	803
Christmas Books for Children—On the Bookrack.....		804
The Spoken Word from Temple Square.....	Richard L. Evans	806
Exploring the Universe, Franklin S. Harris, Jr.....	Arthur Stanley Riggs.....	810
These Times—Christmas List for Europe, G. Homer Durham.....	Cook's Corner, Josephine B. Nichols.....	812
Homing: Christmas Goes Modern.....	Index to Advertisers.....	839
	Your Page and Ours.....	840

Editorials

"I Give You Man".....	Marba C. Josephson	808
The Purchase Price of Peace.....	Albert L. Zobell, Jr.	808

Stories, Poetry

Cynthia Curtis—and Christmas.....	Janice Olson	789
The Fort on the Firing Line—Part III.....	Albert R. Lyman	796
"Beat, Glad Drums".....	Mary Knowles	800
Frontispiece: Twelve Olive Trees, Claire Stewart Boyer.....	Temple Square at Dusk, Georgia Moore Eberling.....	788
Poetry Page.....	And Unto Thee Our Lives in Purity, Caroline Eyring Miner.....	827

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The Cover

CAROL singing and Christmas are synonymous, and the singing of these songs of hope and good cheer is never more enjoyable than when done by children with their sweet, melodious voices. This delightful picture of three youthful singers under the typical Christmas lamp, wreathed with the Christmas holly, is the work of H. Armstrong Roberts and was adapted to cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

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CHRISTMAS LIST FOR EUROPE

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
Head of Political Science Department and
Director of the Institute of Government,
University of Utah

A RECENT report (*Third Report for the Public Advisory Board of the Economic Cooperation Administration*, Paul G. Hoffman, Administrator, Washington, D. C.: September 22, 1948) discloses the extent and progress of European recovery under the Marshall Plan as administered under the Foreign Assistance Act of 1948. For the period April 3-September 10, 1948 (the first six months), commodities alone worth \$1,238,000,000 had been authorized for needy Europe from the following sources:

From the United States	53%
From Canada and Newfoundland.....	21%
From the European participants.....	13%
From Latin America	7%
From the rest of the world	6%
	100%

The item of thirteen percent from European participants could be said to represent roughly the extent to which the European countries themselves have been able to contribute to each other's commodity needs, above and beyond what they produce for themselves within their own boundaries.

As measured by actual authorizations, what is it that Europe needs? Food and agricultural commodities to the extent of \$694,000,000, industrial commodities worth \$544,000,000—this is the record of the first six months.

What kind of food? Bread grains top the list with \$336,000,000, followed by fats and oils, \$75,000,000; meat, \$64,000,000; dairy products, \$45,000,000; fruits and vegetables, \$23,000,000; and "other," \$30,000,000.

What sort of agricultural commodity? Cotton ranks first with \$56,000,000 in authorizations, all from the United States. Next comes tobacco, \$56,000,000; followed by fertilizer, \$22,000,000; feeds, \$15,000,000; and "other," \$2,000,000.

IN industrial commodities, coal leads the parade of dollar values thus far authorized, \$127,000,000. Second comes petroleum and petroleum products, \$119,000,000; non-ferrous metals, \$94,000,000; iron and steel, \$27,000,000; chemicals, \$23,000,000; lumber, \$22,000,000; machinery, \$18,000,000;

pulp and paper, \$17,000,000; railroad transportation equipment, \$17,000,000; motor vehicles, \$15,000,000; and "other," \$43,000,000.

FIRST on the Christmas list of Europe come (1) breadstuffs and (2) coal—food and energy—according to the record of ECA. However, this is for the European economy as a whole. Viewed as individual countries, the patterns of need vary. Britain, true to the general European situation, has received an authorization of \$128,000,000 for bread grains, topping her list. On the other hand, the top single authorization for France has been

freight service, not commodities! The French have gained \$76,000,000 for freight, with coal second at \$67,000,000 out of a total of \$354,200,000 authorized. Denmark, with its livestock, has \$8,000,000 authorized for agricultural feeds, and no bread grains requested. Yet bread grains come first on the list of Britain, Netherlands, Austria, Greece, the French Zone of Germany, Norway, Belgium, Luxembourg, Iceland, and Trieste. The nations falling outside this priority category are France and Italy, both with freight in first place; Bizonia (the combined British-American zones of western Germany) with fats and oils, \$26,000,000 worth, in first place; and Denmark with its agricultural feeds.

WHAT countries, among the sixteen members of the European Economic Cooperation group, are receiving aid? The following list shows the total procurement authorizations, April 3 to September 10, 1948, period of the report:

1. The United Kingdom.....	\$374,200,000
2. France	354,200,000
3. Western Germany (3 zones)	174,800,000
4. Italy	152,700,000
5. Netherlands	123,000,000
6. Austria	89,800,000
7. Greece	72,300,000
8. Denmark	33,800,000
9. Norway	28,800,000
10. Trieste	5,500,000
11. Iceland	2,300,000
12-13. Belgium-Luxembourg....	2,200,000

Total, 13 nations.....\$1,413,600,000

Sweden, Switzerland, and Portugal, the remaining countries participating in the common recovery scheme, require no assistance. The aim of the program (Concluded on page 838)

"I'd call it
the perfect
tuna pack"



says the HOME ECONOMICS EDITOR
of a great chain of
metropolitan newspapers

*FROM A LETTER
IN OUR FILES

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tuna, when you use



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brighten your home with

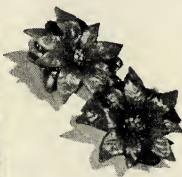
TAVERN Candles

SLEIGH SET Santa Claus really comes into your home with this attractive Tavern Candle set. All in one box are eight fawns, Santa and his sleigh, artificial snow and even the red ribbon and jingle bells to make this set complete \$4.95

Your friends will welcome and
appreciate Gifts of Tavern Candles



ESKIMO SET Two visitors from the Land of the Midnight Sun, and their Igloo home . . . 75¢



POINSETTIAS Striking as place cards, or for table settings with Tavern Tapers. Complete set (6 poinsettias, 3 tapers) \$2.65
Poinsettias only, packed two in gift box 75¢



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Small Santa Heads, 3 3/4" high, two in gift box \$1.25

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TAVERN CANDLES



The CHURCH Moves On

Chapel for the Deaf Opens

THE first Sunday School service in the new chapel for the deaf members of the Church in Salt Lake City was held October 17. Although the group has been organized for many years, the new building at Fifth South and Eighth East streets is their first real "home."

Church Welfare Refrigerator

A THREE-COMPARTMENT electric refrigerator which was formerly used in one of Camp Kearns mess halls during World War II has been purchased by the Church in a surplus sale, and is now located on Welfare Square in Salt Lake City.

The unit, which weighs nearly thirty tons, is so large that a building will have to be built around it. It will be used to store milk and other perishables.

M.I.A. Dance Instruction

A SIX-WEEKS' instruction course in square dancing was begun October 28, under the direction of Dr. N. P. Neilson, who was assisted by Mrs. Sara D. Yates, chairman of the Y.W. M.I.A. general board dance committee.

The three-hour class sessions, open to couples over twenty years of age, were attended by young people who came from Mutuals throughout the Salt Lake area.

This training class was more or less experimental. If it proves popular, instructions in other types of dancing may be offered.

Church Welfare Films

A THIRTY-FIVE MINUTE sound motion picture, *Church Welfare in Action*, has been reviewed by the General Authorities of the Church. Much of the work in the production of the picture was donated by Eric Larson, W. O. Whitaker, W. Cleon Skousen, Scott M. Whitaker, and others, of Hollywood, who spent several thousand hours on the project. Other technical services were provided by Hollywood studios at commercial rates.

A second motion picture, about three-fourths as long, and titled, *The Lord's Way*, is nearing completion. It contains live-action as well as animated sequences. The live-action sequences were donated by the Glendale, California, Little Theater players, directed by Mr. and Mrs. Nathan B. Hale, authors of the M.I.A. Utah centennial drama, *What Doth It Profit?*

(Concluded on page 819)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

BOOKS KEEP Christmas JOY ALIVE—

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH:

BLAZING THE PIONEER TRAIL.....	35c	DORIAN	\$1.00
Story book of pictures		By Nephi Anderson	
By Forrest Hill and Floyd D. Larson		STORY OF CHESTER LAWRENCE	\$1.00
BEN THE WAGON BOY.....	\$1.50	By Nephi Anderson	
By Howard R. Driggs		ADDED UPON	\$1.25
FROM PLOWBOY TO PROPHET AND		By Nephi Anderson	
MOTHER STORIES	\$1.25	FAITH-PROMOTING STORIES	\$1.25
By Wm. A. Morton		Compiled by Preston Nibley	
STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF MOR-		INSPIRATIONAL TALKS	\$1.25
MON	\$2.00	Compiled by Preston Nibley	
By Theresa Snow Hill		MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES	\$1.25
SCOUTING FOR THE MORMONS ON THE		Compiled by Preston Nibley	
GREAT FRONTIER	\$2.00	STORIES OF L. D. S. HYMNS.....	\$2.00
By Sidney and E. K. Hanks		By George D. Pyper	
PAHUTE INDIAN LEGENDS	\$1.75	BIGHAM YOUNG AT HOME	\$2.50
By William R. Palmer		By Clarissa Young Spencer and	
		Mabel S. Harmer	

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL, SEEKING INSPIRATION:

THE CHURCH IN WAR AND PEACE.....	\$1.00	TRUTH SEEKER AND MORMONISM.....	\$1.00
By Stephen L. Richards		By Joseph F. Merrill	
HOW THE DESERT WAS TAMED.....	\$1.00	DISCOURSES OF B. H. ROBERTS	\$1.50
By John A. Widtsoe		JOSEPH SMITH, AN AMERICAN	
JESUS THE CHRIST.....	\$2.50	PROPHET	\$3.00
By James E. Talmage		By John Henry Evans	
INTRODUCTION TO DOCTRINE AND		JOSEPH, THE PROPHET.....	\$1.50
COVENANTS AND PEARL OF GREAT		By Daryl Chase	
PRICE	\$2.25	PRELUDE TO THE KINGDOM	\$2.75
By T. Edgar Lyon		By Gustive O. Larsen	
BRIGHAM YOUNG, THE MAN AND HIS			
WORK	\$2.50		
By Preston Nibley			

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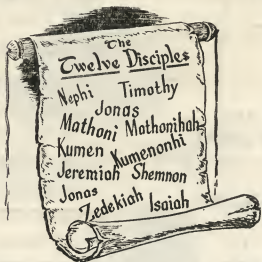
WORD PORTRAITS

FROM THIRD NEPHI

with sketches by Goff Dowding



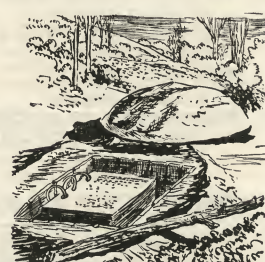
1. Jesus said, Now I go to show myself unto the lost tribes of Israel, but as he looked about he beheld tears in their eyes and with compassion he said, Have ye any that are sick or lame among you? Bring them hither and I will heal them, for I see that your faith is sufficient. He then commanded that their little children should be brought, and he took them one by one and blessed them. No tongue can speak, neither can there be written by any man the things we both saw and heard Jesus speak. (Chapter 17, v. 4 to 21.)



3. These were the names of those Jesus had chosen, and they did pray for that which they most desired—that the Holy Ghost be given unto them. When they had thus prayed, they went down to the water, and Nephi was baptized; then he baptized all those whom Jesus had chosen; when they came up out of the water, they were filled with the Holy Ghost and were circled about with fire from heaven, and angels did minister unto them. Jesus descended in their midst, commanding that they should kneel and pray, and his countenance did shine upon them and behold they were white, even there could be nothing on the earth so white. (Chapter 19, v. 1 to 31.)



2. Jesus commanded his disciples that they should bring forth bread and wine unto him. He broke the bread, blessed it, and said, "Unto all those who believe and are baptized in my name shall ye always do, even as I have done, in remembrance of my body. And it shall be a testimony unto the Father that ye do always remember me." He blessed the wine, and they partook. "This ye do in remembrance of my blood, which I shed for you. And if ye do always remember me ye shall have my Spirit to be with you." (Chapter 18.)



4. Jesus commanded that the multitude and the disciples should stand and cease to pray. He then gave them bread to eat and wine to drink and said, "Your works and the works which shall be wrought among you hereafter shall come forth from the Gentiles unto your seed, which shall dwindle into unbelief because of iniquity, also that the Father may show forth his power unto the Gentiles, that they may know of the true points of my doctrine. Therefore, give heed to my words and write them and according to the time and the will of the Father, they shall go forth unto the Gentiles." (Chapter 21, v. 1 to 6; chapter 23, v. 4.)

"Word Portraits" will be concluded in the January number of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Twelve Olive Trees

By
Claire Stewart Boyer

"Arrival of the
Shepherds"
—Henri LeRolle



—Photograph by C. C. Pierce

WE were twelve gnarled olive trees,
Rent by the winds of Bethlehem,
Cursed and trimmed by the Pharisees,
Goaded to yield our all to them;
But a lonely man of kindly mien
Saw and pitied and purchased us all,
And made us into a stable and stall;
We roofed the oxen and cradled the hay,

Scarcely calling day from night,
Until a mystic radiance lay
Upon us, revealing a holy sight—
Blest by song and hailed by star,
The Savior into our care was given:
Twelve gnarled olive trees, shaped to bear
The King of earth, the Lord of heaven!



CHRISTMAS STORY

By Leah Sherman

IN looking at the tinsel and the glitter
That decorate each street and thorough-
fare,
I wonder if we miss the real meaning
Of Christ the Savior and his loving care;
Or do we hold beneath our jovial manner
A priceless heritage because of him?
The oft-repeated story bears retelling;
And love should keep the lights from
growing dim.

SHINING HOURS OF CHRISTMAS

By Leila Pier King

CHRISTMAS joys and memories like a
bright star breaking
Release the year-kept silences in the full,
sweet word;
Gather up the promises, unkept, yet of our
making.
Only in much giving is the slow heart
stirred.

Children's eyes enshrine us with their quiet
wonder,
Questioning, in innocence, why there are
ever sorrows,
Seeing all of their dear world so happily
spread under
Tinselled tree, foretelling enchanting, bright
tomorrows.

Shining hours of Christmas, jewels on the
throat of Time,
Crystal beads of children's laughter or an
old one's tears;
Shine on till Christmas comes again and
love leans to rhyme
Hosannas with the angels' song still rush-
ing down the years.

Shine on, O golden hours, while played-out
lambs find rest
Close-folded in the shelter of the tender
Shepherd's breast.

AND WHAT OF MARY?

By Gladys Pratt Dennis

I WONDER, as here in my arms I hold
And fondle tenderly with joy and pride—
My infant child, but a few days old,
And feel surging in my heart my mother
love—

And realize the great task that I bear,
And ask for strength to meet it from
above—

I wonder what sweet feeling filled the heart
Of Mary, when she held within her arms
Her infant child, long ago, and knew the
part

He was to play as Savior of the world.
She must have felt a thrill of joy,
A sense of pride quite inexpressible.
When looking at that precious little boy.
And too, she must have felt a great humility
To know that from all Israel's maidens
She had been chosen by the Lord to be
The mother of his Son! Oh, wondrous thing
To know that she had born and held
Within her arms, the Savior—Israel's
King!

SONNET IRREGULAR TO CHRISTMAS

By Deone R. Sutherland

THE windows of the town have Christmas
shine.

Excitement, music, falling snow and town-
light glimmer,
Shops and smells—our senses whirl. In
kaleidoscopic design
We see the world revolve. Ah, Dreamer,

How far, how far is this from muddy trap,
From crumbling wall and the silent taken
town,

From him whose sprawling means only
"regrettable mishap."

What through the siren and the nights,
what sound

Did you catch your breath to hear?
Did you think the carols spoke of peace
That night when you came winging home,
heart caught in fear?

Did a Christmas pass with no one saying
to the guns, be still, now cease?

And now, oh, brave new world, where is
thy hopeful light?

For Christmas shine moves tired and
throbbing hearts this night.

A RISEN FAITH

By Daisy L. Detrick

THEY two once trod the hill path sor-
rowing.

That other Mary and the Magdalene,
To Joseph's tomb, behind a rocky screen,
Where Jesus lay. Their loving hands
would bring

Rare ointments, spices, myrrh, each pre-
cious thing

A tribute to the lowly Nazarene.

But there two angels sat where he had
been.

The crucified was now their risen King.

Dear Lord, my faith lies dead within a
tomb,

A tomb my pride has builded through the
years;

But now I come with penitential tears.

I yield my arrogance as Mary brought
perfume.

Lord, let an angel roll doubt's stone away.

Oh, let my living faith arise today!



HOW WONDERFUL! HOW GLORIOUS!

By Hortense Spencer Andersen

HOW wonderful! How glorious!
The promise that our Father made
To him who overcometh all
And is in righteousness arrayed.

"All that I have is thine," he said.
"You now become my very own
To dwell with me forevermore;
I am thy God, and we are one."

How wonderful! How glorious!
The promise that our Father made
To him who overcometh all
And is in righteousness arrayed.

WISH

By Elaine V. Emans

"MAKE me a song of candlelight,"
You said, "and whiff of pine, and
spray

Of holly, and from faraway
A sound of bells to break the night
Stillness as deep as snow." And through
The singing, you must be aware
Of wishing that becomes a prayer:
A blessed Christmastide for you.

THIS NIGHT A STAR

By Dorothy J. Roberts

A STAR will glow across the night
Upon a waiting world of white.
Perhaps not over Bethlehem
Nor parted from the diadem
Of jewels worn on velvet space.
Yet the mind's eye will retrace
Its lone ascendancy. How far
The heart may travel when a star
Lays a silver trail on snow;
And who would stay when he might go?

HAPPINESS

By B. Coursin Black

THE search for happiness calls for no ex-
peditions or safaris.

Happiness is never really found. It can be
discovered, secret though it is.

Happiness cannot be seen. It is not a thing,
a substance. It is a spirit within.

As a home, brooding in the shadows, con-
ceals the activity within its walls,
happiness is hidden in the heart.

Things, places, people are reflections of
things felt. Humor, tolerance, sym-
pathy, love, understanding, faith are
the magic wands that transform exter-
nals.

Seeking happiness, it eludes us. Giving of
ourselves, we suddenly find it created
within us, flooding our lives like eternal
sunshine.

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE

By Laura Emily Mau

GOD has made all things beautiful
To serve his world for beauty's sake,
Blessed by his love to beautify
All those who of this gift partake,
To be the heaven that will expand
The souls of those who give and take
Beauty, to rediscover him
Who made the world for beauty's sake.

A Message for Christmas

By President George Albert Smith

WE are approaching again the season in which the world observes the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace. And we cannot help being aware that our Father in heaven has blessed us in so many ways. The only adequate thanks we can give is to honor him and keep his commandments.

If there is any unhappiness, it is not because the Lord God has failed to do his part. It is only because his children have not always been as obedient as they might have been. And it is for this reason that the world is in a serious condition. The danger is real and not to be taken lightly. Suspicion, distrust, and unrest are still harbored in the souls of men.

This is a day when the hearts of many are failing them with fear. But no matter where the clouds may gather, no matter what conditions may arise, wherever we are honoring and keeping the commandments of God, there will be protection from the powers of evil. We need have no fear if we do what the Lord has asked us to do. This is his world; all men and women are subject to him.

Let us retain in our homes the influence of prayer and thanksgiving, and let gratitude rise to him who is the Author of our being and the Giver of all good. Let us so live that every night when we kneel to pray and every morning when we bow before the Lord in thanksgiving, he will hear our prayers, and we will know we are approved of him. If there were ever a time when this was needed, it is this particular period in which we are living.

It is a good time to remind ourselves also, that it is not the position that we occupy that gives us peace and protection, it is righteousness. It is keeping the commandments of God that will give us these much desired blessings.

Let us live so that the spirit of the Lord may

abide in our homes; that there may be peace in our hearts, and happiness with our children in living the gospel to the best of our ability. I pray that our sons and daughters may be reared in reverence, in faith, and in full knowledge of the things that pertain to their soul's salvation.

I pray that we may live with the spirit of charity for one another, that little differences will not cause us to harbor anger in our hearts against our neighbors, and that we may live above the small annoyances of our lives.

We are commanded to love the Lord with all our heart, with all our might, mind, and strength, and to love our neighbors as ourselves. Our love should pass beyond the borderlines of the Church with which we are identified and reach out after others.

Let us extend to all our Father's children the hand of welcome and teach unto them that his work is upon the earth, and that his plans and purposes include all men.

Let our service be such that others observing our good works will be constrained to glorify our Father in heaven. Let us radiate an influence for peace and happiness among all with whom we come in contact.

Husbands, be good to your wives; and wives, be kind to your husbands. Parents, treasure your children and safeguard them in every way. Children, honor your fathers and your mothers, that your days may be long in the land which the Lord your God giveth unto you.

I humbly appeal to the Father of us all that he may give us power and strength to resist evil and temptation and to put aside selfish motives. We shall be tempted but let us resist the insidious advances of the adversary by avoiding those customs and habits that lead us away from the right. Let us oppose evil with all our power and renew our determination to be worthy sons and daughters

(Concluded on page 831)

The Editor's Page

THE rapid amassing of primary source works and auxiliary documents at Brigham Young University through the purchase of large collections and sets both in this country and abroad, has made it possible for the first time to examine the Latter-day Saint position with reference to many ancient and valuable texts, which it has been the custom of Christian scholars in general either to pass by in silence or to interpret arbitrarily. This article is in the nature of a preliminary survey dealing with a subject which has meant little to church historians in the past, but on which in recent years a surprising amount of evidence has been brought to light.—H. N.

I

IN 1895 there was found in Egypt a Coptic papyrus purporting to contain an account of the teaching of Christ to his Apostles after the resurrection. The most learned church historian of modern times, Adolf von Harnack, was prompt to point out that this document was neither "a provincial production of the Egyptian Church" nor a brain-child of the Gnostics, but an authentic statement of certain important doctrines of salvation and resurrection common to the whole Christian church at a very early date. Shortly after, Carl Schmidt, second only to Harnack in his knowledge of early Christian documents, produced a number of ancient fragments, matching the Coptic text word for word in a half dozen languages and showing it to be derived from the Greek original of an apostolic general epistle which had enjoyed widespread authority and popularity in the church at least as early as the second century. The subject of this epistle was salvation for the dead, a doctrine which, as Schmidt demonstrated, was believed in the early church to have been the main theme of Christ's teaching after the resurrection.

As the early texts were compared with each other and with the testimony of the oldest church writers, it became apparent that the main weight of early Christian doctrine was not on the cross (the *Blut und Kreuztheologie* of later times) but on the work of the Lord as a teacher, marking the way of eternal progress for the living and the dead according to a pattern first followed by Adam, to whom the texts attribute an importance out of all proportion

to the teachings of the later church. This new light on the early Christian teachings was not hailed with enthusiasm by some people, who for obvious reasons preserve a discreet silence regarding the many discoveries of recent years which call for a complete readjustment of accepted patterns and concepts. For Latter-day Saints, however, the new findings should be thrice welcome, proving as they do the keen interest among the Saints of the Primitive Church in the subject of work for the dead. The purpose of the present paper is to pass in review those passages from early Christian sources which can shed some light on beliefs and practices connected with baptism for the dead in ancient times. We shall see how the early Saints answered the question, "What is to become of the righteous dead who have never been baptized?" a question that sorely perplexed the doctors of the medieval church who, lacking the knowledge of earlier times, were forced to choose between a weak law that allowed the unbaptized to enter heaven, and a cruel God who damned the innocent.

THE MORAL QUESTION

WHEN the Jew, Trypho, discussing the New Jerusalem with Justin, a Christian convert, asked, "Do you actually believe that you people will be gathered together and made joyful with Christ and the patriarchs and prophets, both those of our race and those who became proselytes before the coming of that Christ of yours?" the latter answered emphatically in the affirmative,* having shortly before pointed out that

... those who have done that which is naturally, universally, and eternally good are pleasing to God, and shall be saved through this Christ in the resurrection just as much as those righteous men who were before them—Noah, Enoch, Jacob, and the like—or even as those who have actually known this Christ, the Son of God, who was before the morning star.*

Says Clement of Alexandria:

It is not right to condemn some without trial, and only give credit for righteousness.

*Numbers refer to bibliography at end of article.



ness to others who lived after the coming of the Lord.*

For, he observes:

... certainly one righteous man is not different from another as far as righteousness goes. For God is not the God of the Jew alone but of all men. ... Those who live righteously before the law are to be counted as faithful and reckoned among the just. ... God is good and Christ is mighty to save, according to principles of justice and equality, those who turn to him, whether here or in the next world.*

Peter, in the straightforward and convincing Clementine account, has only contempt for Simon Magus' doctrine of limited salvation:

He saves adulterers and murderers if they know him; but good and sober and merciful people who don't happen to know him, simply because they have received no information concerning him, he does not save! A great and good god, forsooth, whom you proclaim, not only saving the wicked but showing no mercy to the good!¹⁹

Wrote Irenaeus in the second century:

Christ did not come for the sole benefit of those who believed in him at the time

DEAD in Ancient Times

By Hugh Nibley, Ph. D.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND
RELIGION, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

of Tiberius Caesar, nor has the Father a plan for those only who happen to be living today; but it is for all the human family (*propter omnes omnino homines*) who from the beginning by righteousness pleased God and feared him in their generations, and dealt justly and religiously with their neighbors, and yearned to see Christ and hear his voice.⁸

This doctrine of universal salvation of the righteous is matched by the contemporary teaching of the Jews that "all who die hoping for the Messiah will be resurrected to eternal life."⁹

The most conspicuous pre-Christian candidates for salvation were, of course, the prophets of old. Says Ignatius:

They too have proclaimed the gospel, and hoped for Christ and waited for him. Believing in him they were saved, through union with Jesus Christ, being worthy of love and admiration, holy men (or saints), borne witness to by Jesus Christ and counted among those who share our common hope in the gospel.¹⁰

While it would be hard indeed to deny salvation to God's chosen men

of old, it was another class of the dead whose redemption concerned the Christian convert most closely: what about his own friends and family who had never heard the gospel? That is the natural and inevitable question.¹¹ One of the first questions that Clement, the ardent investigator, puts to Peter is, "shall those be wholly deprived of the kingdom of heaven who died before Christ's coming?" To this the Apostle gives a most significant answer: he assures Clement that the people in question are not damned and never will be, and explains that provision has been made for their salvation, but this, he says, is "as far as we are allowed to declare these things," excusing himself from telling more: "you compel me, O Clement, to touch upon things which we are forbidden to discuss."¹²

THE RETICENCE OF THE APOSTLES

WHY was Peter forbidden to discuss salvation for the dead with an investigator? If this text is called in question, we need only point to the New Testament, where on a number of occasions Peter and other Apostles are forbidden to talk about certain things. That work for

the dead is one of these will appear from a brief examination of one of the best-known episodes in the book, the promising of the keys to Peter.

Being alone with the Apostles, the Lord began to sound them out with the question, "Whom do people say that I am?" The ensuing discussion led to the next question, "But whom do you say that I am?" To this Peter gave the right answer and was assured by Jesus that that knowledge had come to him by a revelation from the Father.¹³ Having passed the test, the disciples were ready for more knowledge, but the momentous teaching to which they were introduced is merely hinted at in three short verses of Matthew (16:17-19), and passed over in complete silence by Mark and Luke. Plainly the Apostles had no intention of publishing this thing to the world at large, and all three of them emphasize the Lord's insistence on secrecy, Luke (9:21) employing a remarkable formula which has puzzled all translators and which rendered literally reads: "But he, having pronounced a penalty (*epitimesas*), instructed them not to tell it to any man." The word for "instructed" used here is a military term meaning "to give a watch-word" and has an air of great solemnity and secrecy.

Now whereas Matthew has the discussion end with Christ's admonition to secrecy, Luke and Mark tell only what he said *after* that warning, that is, after the great things had been revealed, and in both these accounts the words of the Savior are almost exclusively confined (as also in Matthew 16:21-28) to the strangely negative announcement that the work is to be utterly rejected by the world, and that only suffering and death can be expected by the Apostles themselves, who are charged, moreover, not to be ashamed of Jesus and his doctrine. Why ashamed? It was certainly no conventional teaching that the Lord was imparting, and he certainly predicted no rosy future for it in that dispensation.

The extremely abbreviated nature of this account (Mark and Luke do not even mention the "rock" though Eusebius tells us that Mark, Peter's own secretary, omitted nothing of importance from his gospel) has led to much misunderstanding regard-

(Continued on page 788)

Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives



—Photograph by Adelbert Bartlett

BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD IN ANCIENT TIMES

(Continued from page 787)

ing the awkward and ungrammatical passage found in Matthew 16:18. But it may be assumed that if we do not understand everything, at least the Apostles did. And that is exactly the point: they heard everything, but of what they heard they have left us but a few terse sentences which run no danger of divulging "the mystery of the kingdom" to the uninitiated. If we are to believe Eusebius or the Apostolic Fathers, the New Testament scriptures are little more than a sketchy outline which without a special interpreter are as a code-message without a key.¹⁵

But why this emphasis on secrecy? The great Migne was hard put to it to explain how Christ could order his disciples to be silent on a matter which he wished divulged to the world.¹⁶ The only possible answer is that he did not wish it divulged to the world, so Migne remains hesitant and vague, eschewing any positive answer, for to admit the obvious would be to admit that we have in Matthew 16:17-19 not the public proclamation which later ages made it out to be, but reference to a special doctrine. And that we have here the teaching of a very special doctrine indeed is sufficiently indicated by the significant association of "the keys," the sealing, and "the gates of hell."

THE GATES OF HELL

TO the Jews "the gates of hell" meant something very specific. Both Jews and Christians thought of the world of the dead as a prison—*carcer, phylake, phroura*—in which the dead were detained but not necessarily made to suffer any other discomfort.¹⁷ In the Jewish tradition the righteous dead are described as sitting impatiently in their place of detention awaiting their final release and reunion with their resurrected bodies and asking, "How much longer must we stay here?"¹⁸ The Christians talked of "the prison of death" to which baptism held the key of release—a significant thought, as we shall see.

It is the proper function of a gate to shut creatures in or out of a place (Isaiah 45:1); when a gate "prevails," it succeeds in this purpose;

when it does not "prevail," someone succeeds in getting past it. But *prevail* is a rather free English rendering of the far more specific Greek *katischyō*, meaning to overpower in the sense of holding back, holding down, detaining, suppressing, etc. Moreover, the thing which is held back, is (Matt. 16:18) not the church, for the object is not in the accusative but in the partitive genitive: it is "hers," part of her, that which belongs to her, that the gates will not be able to contain. Since all have fallen, all are confined in death which it is the Savior's mission to overcome; their release is to be accomplished through the work of the Church, to which the Lord promises that at some future time he will give the Apostles the keys. In one of the very earliest Christian poems Christ is described as going to the underworld to preach to the dead, "And the dead say to him, 'Open the gate to us!' " whereupon the Lord, "heeding their faith," gives them the seal of baptism.¹⁹ Baptism for the dead, then, was the key to the gates of hell which no church claimed to possess until the nineteenth century, the gates remaining inexorably closed against those very dead of whose salvation the early Christians had been so morally certain. In passing it should be noted that this poem in its conclusion definitely associated the release of the dead with the "rock."

Thus thy Rock became the foundation of all; upon it didst thou build thy kingdom, that it might become a dwellingplace for the saints.²¹

TEMPLE SQUARE AT DUSK

By Georgia Moore Eberling

How quietly the gentle dusk walks here:
On mauve-shod feet with violets in her hair

She steps among the flowers, clad in sheer
Dove-gray, as pale as star dust and as fair,
The swirling yellow skirts of passing day
Have veiled the pansy faces, in the gloom
They drop their eyes and bow their heads
to pray

Where dusk shadow waves a sable plume.
Dusk creeps into the folding arms of
Night

As trees stand phantom-like, serene and
tall.
The full round moon above is golden-
bright.

And silence dwells inside the garden wall.
Here cradled in the city's close embrace
A spot of heaven sleeps, in moonbeam's
lace.

The same idea is even more obviously expressed by Ignatius in what is perhaps the earliest extant mention of the rock after New Testament times, making it equivalent to:

... the high priest ... to whom alone the secrets of God have been confided. This is the Way which leads to the Father, the Rock ... the Key ... the Gate of Knowledge, through which have entered Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, Moses and all the host of prophets. . . .²²

From which it is clear that Matthew 16:17-19, with its combination of gates, keys, and rock, definitely hinges on the subject of salvation for the dead, and the work by which they are admitted to the presence of the Father.

Those who fondly suppose that "the gates of hell shall not prevail" is a guarantee of the security of the church on *this earth*²³ are inventing a doctrine diametrically opposed to the belief of the early church. If there was one point on which the primitive Saints and their Jewish contemporaries saw eye to eye, it was the belief that Satan is "the prince of *this* world,"²⁴ nay, "the god of this world."²⁵ It is here that men are under his power, and here that he overcomes the kingdom of God by violence.²⁶ "The days are evil," says the Epistle of "Barnabas," "and Satan possesses the power of this world."²⁷ Beyond this earth his power does not extend: Jehovah alone rules in the spirit world, according to the Jewish doctrine, and *his* angels stand guard over the wicked ones.²⁸ It is on this earth that the devil is to be conquered and his power finally broken—he has no other stronghold to which to flee. . . .²⁹ When he goes to hell, it will not be in triumph, but to be bound and imprisoned there.³⁰ His bonds are the "snares and deceptions"³¹ that "bind the *flesh* of men with lust," and which will be meaningless after the judgment, when none may enjoy the prerogative of being deceived.³² When the devil rules hereafter it will be only over those "sons of perdition" who willingly follow his example.

The medieval idea that the devil is the proper ruler of the dead is a borrowing from obvious pagan source, popular and literary.³³ In the

(Continued on page 836)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Cynthia Curtis

—and Christmas—



JANICE OLSON

Editor's Note

THE author of this story was born in Oak City, Utah, in December 1930. When she was three years old, her mother, Margaret Wells Olson, died, after which Janice made her home with Mamie Wells Lovell, her grandmother. Upon her grandmother's death in 1942, Janice went to live with an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lyman of Provo, Utah. In addition to Janice, the Lymans have adopted four small children.

Janice is a senior in Brigham Young High School this winter.

By Janice Olson
A Young Writer

CYNTHIA CURTIS quickly jumped out of her car in front of the luxurious house surrounded by beautiful gardens. She pulled her mink coat up around her shoulders. "I don't see why it has to snow so much. If only Dad would take us to some warm place during the winter months!"

She paused at the front door, "If I can only get upstairs before Dad starts on his idea of bringing three children home from the orphanage for Christmas. Why should we turn our home into a place for any riff-raff whom no one else will take?"

Entering the hall she removed her coat and handed it to the small, dark-haired maid, who had been so faithful these many years. She made a dash to slip past her father who was telephoning in the hall, but he put the phone down when he saw her. "Oh, there you are, Cynthia. I want you to see the tree. It is a big one to stand on the floor. Every other year we have bought a tiny little tree for the table."

"Oh, Father," exclaimed Cynthia, "I don't see why you did such a thing—the house will look like a forest—and besides, a small tree fits in much better with the furniture, but I guess I can buy another. I'll take care of it, Dad; you needn't worry."

"No," James Curtis replied, "the children picked this one out, so I got

it, and, my dear, it is staying."

Anger was clouding Cynthia's blue eyes. "You can't mean you're actually going through with your plan. I invited Phil to dinner and—oh, how could you?" She fairly flew upstairs and slammed the door.

James sighed sadly—had he failed? If Mary could only have lived long enough to prove to Cynthia that money isn't everything

poor alike. She was loved by all who knew her. She had died suddenly. It seemed like a dream now, seven years later.

He had tried to do his best for Cynthia. He had given her his love and everything money could possibly buy. He knew she expected him to give up the whole idea, and he had really intended to, but when he had gone down to the orphanage, the three kids—Tommy, Richard, and Brenda—had greeted him so warmly!

MRS. HARPER began telling him how the night before while going for a walk, the children had seen so many Christmas trees for sale. They had picked out the one they would like the best if given a choice. So, after they had gone on ahead, she had asked the man to save it. She hoped Mr. Curtis didn't mind

because she couldn't resist when she saw how excited the children had been over it. She could just imagine their delight at seeing that particular tree all decorated on Christmas.

She finally asked him if he had come for any particular reason, and he just couldn't tell her, so he said he wanted to make sure everything was straight. He would call for them Christmas Eve, at five-thirty.

Phil's coming was something he hadn't counted on. Phil was a young doctor who had completely won Cynthia. Lately, he had seemed to stay away. Cynthia had believed he should set up his office in the exclusive part of town in order to get just the "right people" for his patients.

"I'm right where I feel at home—the other side of the tracks," Phil

(Concluded on page 828)



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

even though it can be very important at times! Money had never spoiled Mary. All her life she had shared with everyone—rich and

VAUDOIS RECORDS

Prally, a mountain Vaudois hamlet, highest inhabited place in the Vallee St. Martin

THE registers of the Vaudois parishes in Italy have been micro-filmed! This announcement comes with a note of triumph and of profound thankfulness that this unique and strenuous record copying project has been completed.

The three weeks in Italy ending September 16, yielded 1,476 volumes of births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths from sixteen different Protestant parishes, or a total of 80,390 pages.

We knew beforehand that this undertaking would be a difficult one, for the registers we desired to copy were dispersed in parishes scattered in three narrow Alpine valleys and in little communities aloft on the steep sides of mountains or perched upon well-nigh inaccessible heights. Nor had we overestimated the difficulties to be encountered. Yet, thanks to the blessings of the Lord, the way opened up before us in a most gratifying manner.

In September 1947, the moderator of all the Vaudois churches, M. Virgilio Sommani, had given us written permission to film their parish books, provided the pastors of the parishes also consented. (See January 1948 IMPROVEMENT ERA, p. 13.) Before we left Geneva on August 25, we received a letter from him welcoming the commencement of the actual copying, and another of permission from Pastor Umberto Bert of Prarustin Parish where we hoped to begin.

In the car which began the abrupt and rugged climb up the tortuous trail to Prarustin on August 26 were President and Sister Barker of the French Mission, James M. Black, our film editor, who had come from England by plane to do the actual copying, and I. With us we had the microfilm camera and a quantity of film.



The records from Pramol parish were brought down from the mountainside

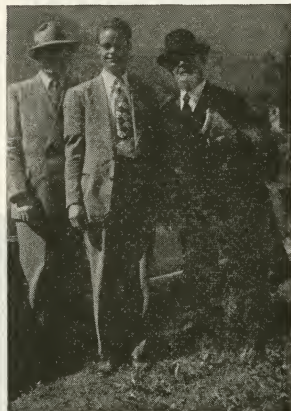
THE first disappointment encountered proved in the outcome to be a blessing. Pastor Bert welcomed us into his manse, assigned us a room, and brought in 118 volumes of registers. The camera was set up. We were gratified to see that up here on the mountainside there were electric lights. But when the lights of the camera were attached, they failed to come on. We were temporarily baffled and concluded that the power of the current up there was insufficient. So we suggested to the pastor that he permit us to take all the registers back down in the car to a central place for filming. He agreed.

At Torre Pellice, headquarters of the Vaudois Church, we found a suitable residence of repute, the Hotel du Parc, where we were given permission to set up our machine in one of our rooms. So the filming began. Then it was that we discovered a defect in one of the light cords had caused a short, and this had evidently been the cause of our trouble.

In the meantime we had received from the moderator an official letter in Italian, addressed to the pastors of the Vaudois valleys, recommending that they permit us to take their

parish record books to this central place to be reproduced.

On this favorable basis the gathering and the copying of vital genealogical material went forward rapidly. Tribute must be paid to President and Sister Barker for taking their car, even in pouring rainstorms, and up and down narrow, winding mountain roads and hazardous trails, to gather up or return the books. At times the road had to be leveled off with shovels before the car could pass. Often on a narrow road we might meet a cart or a car and be compelled to back up until there was space for it to pass. Once in doing this the car



Right to left: Pastor Auguste Jahier, our faithful guide, James M. Black, operator, and the author

wheels sank into a ditch, and it took a crowd of willing men to lift the car up and back on to the firm road. That was on the way to Angrogna. The rain fell in torrents as they delivered the records to Rora, high up on a hillside. The car road ended at Tournim, half way up to Pramol, and a Vaudois elder came wending his way down the mountain trail leading a patient, sure-footed donkey, with the ninety-eight volumes wrapped in gunny sacks and packed securely on its back. These had to be returned the self-same way. To Rodoretto, poised on a sudden declivity, a path led off

Microfilmed

By Archibald F. Bennett

SECRETARY, GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH

from *la grande route* for a twenty-minute climb up and around a mountain to a little cluster of houses perched perilously in this mountain fastness. The seventy-eight volumes from here had to be sought out afoot in a pouring rain and returned in the same laborious fashion, but this time without the rain.

THEN there was the problem of sufficient film. As there were more books than we had anticipated, the supply of films brought with us ran short. The Barkers crossed the Alps once more to Geneva and Basel and brought us all they could obtain.

Brother Black worked early and late, tirelessly and efficiently, accomplishing about six weeks' work in three—as our time for this project

Outline of Mt. Brigham (Vardolino) showing the Rock of Prophecy (Casteluzza), near Torre Pellice



careful eye the work went steadily forward to a successful conclusion.

Pastor Auguste Jahier, eighty-four years of age, went with us as our guide to the parishes. He was ever eager to help and to explain our purpose to the other pastors, his friends, and admirers, and never wearied of going with us in the car whenever we wished.

Everywhere in these valleys we found worthy people living moral lives, who were sincere lovers of the Bible truth. It is a symbol with them always to keep the Bible opened in their churches (which they call temples). Their motto is: "The Light Shines in Darkness." Their homes are simple; their living is frugal; their lives are humble and filled with sincere devotion to their ideals. We attended their church services, two weddings, and a family marriage anniversary. Once we stopped the car to take a schoolteacher toiling up an eight kilometer roadway carrying on her back a heavy parcel—one she had just received from her brother, a pastor in South America. We asked if she were a Vaudoise. Eagerly she responded that she was. "I am consecrating my life to my church," she said, and there was happiness in her eyes, "and to helping the poor."

Typical among the fine characters we have met is Thomas John Jervis, who lives next door to the Hotel du Parc. One day he called and asked if he might tell me about his genealogical record, for he understood we were interested in such compilations. He lent me an excellent printed biography, written by his father, telling the remarkable story of his grandfather, an English orphan who went to India and became noted as a Christian soldier, geographer, and "Friend of India." His son, author of the book, was born in India, educated in England, and lived his later life in Italy, where he married

a Vaudoise girl, Laure Susanne Madeleine Monastier, daughter of a professor for forty years at the Vaudois College in Torre Pellice. Our friend, Mr. Jervis, was her son.

One night our party discussed gospel principles with him for two hours. He thinks as we do on many points. We found him scholarly and refined, and his analysis of certain ominous political and religious conditions in Italy today was highly interesting and informative. He has two sons now prominent leaders in New York and New Jersey, and he has just returned from a visit to them. One son last year was in Salt Lake City and was interested to learn that there were many families of Vaudois descent living in Utah. He had desired to learn why they were there and how they had come.

As he talked, we recalled having read a few days previously a placard attached to a tree in the square at Villar Pellice. It stated in Italian that here on August 5, 1944, the Germans had summarily executed "Willy Jervis" and four unknown men as partisans. I asked if this was a relative of his. He replied gently, "My son." From the pastor of Pinerolo and others we learned later that William Emanuel (Willy) Jervis was a prominent, popular, and rising engineer at Ivrea, Italy. When the Germans were here, he several times aided the partisans in their struggle against them. His mother warned him that this would lead to his death. He responded, "I know it, but I cannot help it." One day as he rode on his motorcycle, he was arrested by the Germans. On him they found partisan dispatches, and he was thrown into prison. His young wife made repeated appeals for his release, unavailingly. He wasted away in jail until he was unrecognizable even to his dearest relatives. There was hope once he

(Concluded on page 820)



Susanne Peyronel of Tournim, near Pramol

was strictly limited by other pressing appointments. He pushed down on the foot pedal of that camera 48,000 times. We had no dark room, so to change films he had me lock him in a clothes closet. Under his

THE LAMANITES

ONE of our hymns, written by William W. Phelps, expresses in part the Mormon belief concerning the ancestry of the Indians. It is entitled, "O Stop and Tell Me, Red Man," the first two verses of which read as follows:

O stop and tell me, Red Man,
Who are you, why you roam,
And how you get your living;
Have you no God, no home?
With stature straight and portly,
And decked in native pride,
With feathers, paints and brooches,
He willingly replied:

"I once was pleasant Ephraim,
When Jacob for me prayed;
But oh, how blessings vanish,
When man from God has strayed!
Before your nation knew us,
Some thousand moons ago,
Our fathers fell in darkness,
And wandered to and fro. . ."

It should be emphasized that the Indian of our day is a remnant of a mixed group of peoples who were spared from the terrible destructions which took place on this continent after the Savior's death. (III Nephi 8, 9, 10.) The reader of the Book of Mormon will recall that in these destructions only the more righteous part of the Lamanites and Nephites were spared:

And it was the more righteous part of the people who were saved, and it was they who received the prophets and stoned them not. . . (III Nephi 10:12; see also III Nephi 9:13.)

In III Nephi 10:18, Mormon makes another statement which proves that Lamanites as well as Nephites were preserved:

And it came to pass that in the ending of the thirty and fourth year, behold, I will show unto you that the people of Nephi who were spared, and also those who had been called Lamanites, who had been spared, did have great favors shown unto them, . . .

Following the glorious ministry of the resurrected Savior among these peoples, they became united into one people, as IV Nephi tells us:

And it came to pass in the thirty and sixth year, the people were all converted unto the Lord, upon all the face of the land, both Nephites and Lamanites, and there were no contentions and disputations among them, and every man did deal justly one with another. . .

There were no robbers, nor murderers, neither were there Lamanites, nor any manner of -ites; but they were in one, the children of Christ, and heirs to the kingdom of God. (Verses 2, 17.)



—From a painting by James Henderson—Courtesy, National Gallery of Canada.

I have made these explanations to keep us reminded of the fact that our present-day Indians are descendants of the people who were united during the Golden Era of Nephite history, rather than direct descendants of Laman and Lemuel and their immediate followers. The rift in the Nephite church which produced the ancestors of our American Indians took place about A.D. 195. Mormon tells about it when writing of Amos the record keeper:

And he kept it [the record] eighty and four years, and there was still peace in the land, save it were a small part of the people who had revolted from the church and taken upon them the name Lamanites; therefore there began to be Lamanites again in the land. (Italics author's. IV Nephi 20.)

LATTER-DAY SAINTS have concluded too readily that the Lamanites are direct descendants of Laman and Lemuel. Actually much Nephite blood flows in their veins, not to mention the blood of the Mulekites. In respect to the latter, it should be recalled that in the days of the younger Mosiah more of his people

were Mulekites than Nephites. Notice the following:

And now king Mosiah caused that all the people should be gathered together.

Now there were not so many of the children of Nephi, or so many of those who were descendants of Nephi, as there were of the people of Zarahemla, who was a descendant of Mulek, and those who came with him into the wilderness. (Mosiah 25: 1-2.)

From this statement we are probably justified in concluding that the "Nephites" of the period following Christ's appearance on this continent had more Mulekite blood flowing in their veins than Nephite blood. From the viewpoint of the Book of Mormon, then, our Indians are descendants of several peoples—Nephites and Mulekites, with some Lamanite influence thrown in, for good measure. That Mormon seemed to recognize the fact that the Indians of our day would be his own people is shown by some of his last prophetic words:

And now, behold, I would speak somewhat unto the remnant of this people who are spared, if it so be that God may give

as portrayed in the Book of Mormon

unto them my words, that they may know of the things of their fathers; . . .

Know ye that ye must come to the knowledge of your fathers, and repent of all your sins and iniquities, and believe in Jesus Christ, . . . (Mormon 7:1, 5; see also II Nephi 26:15.)

IT may be well to point out that the simon-pure Lamanites of the Book of Mormon, if we may call them such, are dealt with in the Nephite record between II Nephi 5 and Omni 12. The first-named chapter records the great break between the followers of Nephi on the one hand and the followers of Laman and Lemuel on the other. In it we are told that the Lamanites were cut off from the "presence of the Lord" because they would not hearken to Nephi's words. (II Nephi 5:20.) Moreover, they were cursed because of their iniquities with a "sore cursing." In order that they would not be enticing to the Nephites, the Lord caused a "skin of blackness" to come upon them. (II Nephi 5:21.) The sacred account continues:

And thus saith the Lord God: I will cause that they shall be loathsome unto thy [Nephi's] people, save they shall repent of their iniquities.

And cursed shall be the seed of him that mixeth with their seed; for they shall be cursed even with the same cursing. And the Lord spake it, and it was done. (*Idem* 22-23.)

Nephi says that the Lamanites then became an "idle people, full of mischief and subtlety, and did seek in the wilderness for beasts of prey." (*Idem* 24.) The Lord made use of them as a scourge to the Nephites, to stir them up in remembrance of him. The promise was made that if the Nephites did not remember the Lord, they should be scourged by the Lamanites unto destruction. (*Idem* 25.)

Little more is said about the Lamanites until we come to the Book of Jacob. Jacob distinguishes between Lamanites and Nephites by saying:

. . . I shall call them Lamanites that seek to destroy the people of Nephi, and those who are friendly to Nephi I shall call Nephites, or the people of Nephi, . . . (Jacob 1:14.)

WHEN Jacob chastised his men folk from the temple precincts for their unchastity and lack of humility, he made some interesting comparisons between the Nephites and Lamanites. He pointed out that the Nephites were more iniquitous than the Lamanites. They had broken the hearts of their wives and had lost the confidence of their children. (Jacob 2:35.) ". . . the Lamanites, . . ." he said, "whom ye hate because of their filthiness and the cursing which hath come upon their skins, are more righteous than you; . . ." (*Ibid.*, 3:5.)

They were more righteous than the Nephites because they kept the marriage laws which God had given his people in the beginning. A man was to have but one wife and no concubines. Jacob declared that because of their adherence to this commandment the Lord would not destroy them, but would be merciful to them, and some day they should be a blessed people. (See also II Nephi 30:3-6.) This promise has been partly fulfilled in our American Indians, and we may expect more of it to be realized in the not-too-distant future. One remark of Jacob's is of special interest to us. He said:

Behold, their [the Lamanites'] husbands love their wives, and their wives love their husbands; and their husbands and their wives love their children; and their unbelief and their hatred towards you is because of the iniquity of their fathers; wherefore, how much better are you than they, in the sight of your great Creator?

O my brethren, I fear that unless ye shall repent of your sins that their skins will be whiter than yours, when ye shall be brought with them before the throne of God. (Jacob 3:7-8.)

It is worthy of more than passing notice to observe that the Lamanites were eventually to triumph over the Nephites. Despite the fact that the Nephites were given the choice posi-

tion before God, with revelations, visions, and prophets to guide them, the Lamanites seem finally to have won out over the Nephites because they kept God's law respecting marriage. As Jacob predicted, ". . . because of this observance, in keeping this commandment, the Lord God will not destroy them, . . ." (*Idem* 6.)

The people who broke away from the Nephite church about A.D. 195 and who became known as Lamanites must have continued the old marriage customs praised by Jacob hundreds of years before. Therefore, their descendants were permitted to continue on this land after the destruction of the Nephites.

I have called attention elsewhere to the historical importance of the Book of Omni. Beginning with verse 12, it relates that

the elder Mosiah and a group of followers broke away from the main body of Nephites and fled into the wilderness, where they joined the Mulekites. The united band of Nephites and Mulekites, together with their descendants, is the central interest of the Book of Mormon history. But what became of the main body of Nephites from whence the elder Mosiah fled? The Nephite record is silent. Very probably these wicked Nephites later joined the Lamanites or were destroyed, so that their history became merged with that of the latter. The predictions of Jacob may give the clue to their sudden disappearance:

. . . the Lamanites . . . shall scourge you even unto destruction. And the time speedily cometh, that except ye [Nephites] repent they [the Lamanites] shall possess the land of your inheritance, and the Lord God will lead away the righteous out from among you. (*Idem* 3:4.)

THE "righteous" who were to be "led away" may well have been the elder Mosiah and his followers. If the main body of Nephites eventually joined the Lamanites, we have a fact of capital importance in Lamanite history. It would then be quite understandable why the Lamanites so overwhelmingly outnumbered the Nephites, as Mosiah 25:3 points out. If the main body of

(Continued on page 826)



Around The World on CHRISTMAS



South Africa

By RICHARD E. FOLLAND

MISSION PRESIDENT
1938-1944



Beautiful Capetown from Table Bay, with Table Mountain in the background

CHRISTMAS in South Africa is a religious holiday. This day is celebrated as the birthday of Christ, a day of reverence. All commercial amusements and entertainments are closed as are all public buildings and places of interest. Most churches have special Christmas

services. It is a day of giving and receiving and visiting with friends.

Father Christmas takes the place of Santa Claus. Pillowcases are hung on mantles and backs of chairs to hold gifts for the youngsters. Adults exchange their gifts. Very few people have Christmas trees; in fact, we believe only a few Americans who are living in South Africa have them.

Christmas comes right in the middle of the South African summer. The weather is warm and sunny.

Generally speaking, Christmas is not a day of feasting. Because of the delightfully warm weather, meals are of the lighter variety than those to which we in America are accustomed. Fruits are in abundance at Christmas time. It would be difficult to find better apricots, plums, peaches, strawberries, pineapples, bananas, papaws, mangoes, or grapes.

THE members of our Church in South Africa celebrate Christmas very much the same as we do here at home. The Christmas program suggested by the Sun-

(Concluded on page 836)

Sweden

By C. FRITZ JOHANSSON

ACTING MISSION PRESIDENT
1939-1946

OF ALL the festivals celebrated in Sweden there is none greater than Christmas—the day so short that electric lights have to be used until ten in the morning, and turned on again at three in the afternoon.

Preparations are begun weeks in advance. The traditional Christmas sausages and hams and pastries in all sizes and shapes to please the children are prepared, together with *lutfisk* (the fish for Christmas Eve), and rice milk porridge. Into the porridge has gone one blanced almond, and, they say, the one who finds the almond in his helping will be married in the coming year.

After this Christmas Eve meal the Christmas tree is lighted. The children are full of expectation. Suddenly someone is at the door. It is old Father Christmas with his pack of presents. Before leaving, he dances around the tree with the children.

Swedish children must then retire, because they go with their parents to services in the Evangelical Lutheran churches at five or six o'clock Christmas morning. The families of the Saints no longer attend these special services of the Swedish state religion, but have special L.D.S. Christmas services in the branches.

CHRISTMAS DAY—December 25—is a day for one's home and one's family. The Christmas holiday

begins at noon on December 24, and includes December 26—the day when friends and relatives are visited. Nor does the season end then, but it is on the twentieth day after Christmas—Knut's day—when festivities close. The tree is taken down, and the Advent Star is taken from the window to be stored with the Christmas fairies and other decorations for another year.

Sweden at Christmas is indeed the artistry of the Christmas card paintings come to life.



After Father Christmas' visit



Christmas time in Switzerland

—Photograph by A. Klopfenstein

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Australia

By ELVON W. ORME

MISSION PRESIDENT

1941-1945

IT is Christmas in Australia, sans snow, sans ice, sans sleigh rides, but definitely with plum puddings (the grand English kind), with fruit cake, with baked fowl, and all the trimmings of a grand old English dinner, even though thermometers in Sydney, New South Wales, register 117° F. You will find a few, but very few, trimmed Christmas trees in Australia, and the most noticeable ones will be in the branch chapels of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Toys for good Australian boys and girls are left by Father Christmas, not by Santa Claus. On Christmas day, folk neither "go home" nor do they "stay home." Australian folk on Christmas day flock to the beautiful beaches or to the mountains. Australia is truly a land of contrast. Christmas time is summertime. On the south side of the equator even a good American Boy Scout would be confused, because at high noon, his shadow will point south instead of north. Native swans are black with red bills instead of white with yellow bills. Some native trees shed bark instead of leaves.

Never does the world seem more upside down to a person from the Northern Hemisphere visiting Australia than at Christmas time.

If there ever is a cooling wind, it comes from the south instead of the north, and how welcome a breeze from the South Pole on Christmas day!



Sister Lucy Rosen, president of the Enmore Relief Society getting relief from the summertime—Christmas time—heat on a Queensland koala farm. The two little animals are koala bears.

ONE THING in Australia at Christmas time is the same—the gospel of Jesus Christ. Every church holds services to commemorate the birth of the Savior. Carolers are heard in the streets of all the capital cities, Brisbane, Sydney,

Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart, as well as in country towns. Every Christian denomination follows its creed and its practices in celebrating the birth of Jesus the Christ.

Christmas in Australia is an unforgettable and happy experience. There are many strange and beautiful flowers such as the flowering Christmas bush; strange playgrounds, inhabited by koala bears on koala farms and kangaroo areas, in groves of stark-white trunked eucalyptus trees and blue mountain ranges, and hundreds of miles of white shining sand beaches with delightful coves and inlets, all within a short distance of the chief cities. It's different; it's exotic; but it's definitely Christmas.



Christmas time in Tahiti

Tonga

By ELVON W. HUNTSMAN

MISSION PRESIDENT

1946-1948

TONGA—the Friendly Islands—is a Christian nation, a native kingdom—one of the many pinpoints in the South Pacific where the Church has missionary activity.

And here, surrounded by the beauty that is the South Pacific, Christmas is a sacred day, with many of the people assembling once or twice for worship. But no holiday in Tonga is complete without a big feast, and extra preparations are made for an enormous dinner during the day. Gift giving is a part of the day, but the practice is not as great as it is in America.

In some of the larger branches of the mission, the Sunday School decorates a tree, and gives small gifts to the children. The day is spent among the Saints in worship and respect for him whose birthday the Christian world celebrates on that day.

Missionaries bring out their cameras, snap pictures of groups of Saints and missionaries, and the pictures, when they arrive "home" in letters, never fail to receive a comment about the light clothing worn and the fans used by the people in the snapshots.



The mission family in Tonga Christmas day 1946

IN the year 1851, President Brigham Young sent a colony to build a fort and establish a place called Parowan, thus extending the great Mormon expansion to the south, encouraged at first by the Ute Chief Walker. But as the thin line of forts began to reach farther and farther into Chief Walker's territory, he viewed this influx with alarm and incited his people to attack. Among the Mormons were those who genuinely loved the Indians and made constant appeals to them. Foremost in this number were Jacob Hamblin and Thales Haskell. Added to the hostility of the Utes were three other adversaries: the Navajos the renegade whites, and nature, which seemed at times the greatest adversary of all. In cold blood an Indian had shot George A. Smith with his own gun which the Indian had borrowed, and Jacob Hamblin and his company had been forced to go on and leave his body. The plunderers followed Hamblin's trail homeward and raided the herds of the weary settlers. No treaty with the United States could guarantee settlers from the depredations of the Navajos.

III

HOWEVER profitable the Utah field was proving to be, the beaten trails of the Navajo to the southeast were still too inviting and too rich in yield to forsake because of the undeveloped prospects on the northwest. From these trails to the southeast they brought home crops, livestock, children, women. All the promises they had made to refrain from this practice meant nothing to them. It was a rich industry; nothing but force could ever pry them out of it.

But from that plundered southeast arose a bitter cry from bereaved parents, outraged husbands, desolated homes. The call of agony reached to the nation's capital demanding the return of their loved ones, even though the nation was in great distress with the Civil War at the height of its fury.

Urged and petitioned, the president of the United States ordered a detachment of troops to the distant Navajo reservation. This time, unlike half a dozen former times, it did not come simply to talk about a scrap of paper. Desperate with its own dangers, the government ordered the situation to be handled with firmness.

The command of this force fell to Kit Carson who started with it as guide. The particulars of his arrival on the reservation form a long story, but it is worth while to observe that Carson began with generous moderation and would have made peaceful settlement if he had found it possible. It was not possible. Nothing but a very heavy jolt would jar the false and dangerous notions out of the Navajo philosophy.

Carson began rounding up the people of the reservation as if they were cattle, and driving them away in herds to Fort Sumner, known also as *Bosque Redondo*, in New Mexico. With light cannon mounted on the backs of mules, he compelled them to go or die. He chopped down their orchards, burned

their houses, killed or appropriated their livestock, and spoiled their fields. Consternation and terror spread before him as in a flock set upon by wolves. In death races over the sand they spread word of his approach, and all who could get away fled headlong. They crawled into dens or deep gulches, they climbed mountains and crossed streams, anywhere to dodge Carson's grapeshot and keep out of his roundup. Destitute of food, destitute of blankets, they rushed away with their women and children, preferring starvation to capture.

Carson took twelve thousand of their people away, leaving the country stripped and silent. The Piutes came in from their hideouts north of the San Juan and gobbled up all they could find. The few thousand Navajos who escaped "The Big Walk," as they called it, dared not so much as look southeast over their beaten trails where the terrible men in blue uniform guarded their fellow tribesmen as captives. Neither dared they go north among the chesty Piutes, nor south into central Arizona where they had made a host of deadly enemies.

For these desperate refugees there remained but one possible escape from starvation—that was to follow the long trail across the Buckskins and brave the exasperated guards and herders who stood armed to fight for the flocks and herds of the Mormon settlements. Hence the desperation with which they descended from the tall timber in 1863, to skulk and await opportunity with the lives of themselves and their loved ones hanging in the balance.

The raids of these hunger-crazed people in 1864, became worse in '65. They captured a band of horses from near Kanab, and there was no herd too well guarded to discourage their efforts. In one place they fired a stack of grain in the night to attract the guard while they emptied a corral of its horses. Sixteen of the Indians raided Pipe Springs in broad daylight, and the herders barely escaped with their lives.

WHILE the famishing Navajos made existence more difficult every month along the southern border, the Utes and kindred tribes with Black Hawk at their head went on the warpath against the scattered settlements. In 1865-67 his cruel braves compelled the Mormons to abandon twenty or more of their fortified beginnings and draw back from the firing line for safety.

Fields which had been cleared and planted with great care, ditches completed by hard toil, dearly-loved homes, orchards, and gardens were left for Black Hawk and his braves to loot or destroy. The true colors of death and terror in the remote settlements



BLACK
HAWK

will never be painted in their fulness of agony. Nor will it ever be told about the braves who fell fighting for what they thought to be their rights, and the sorrow of those who waited in vain for their return.

But Black Hawk and his people had to discover again, as in the Walker War, that they were not prepared to fight. When they had battled the steady and growing resistance of an organized people for two years, the chief was ready to put his thumbprint to a treaty of peace, that he and his people might turn their attention to the more profitable problem of gaining by what the Mormons could and would do to help them.

The Walker War and the Black Hawk War, with all the other Indian troubles north and south, had been fought out to a victorious finish, and were matters of history. But the Navajo War, begun before the first one of the other two, and now in its seven-teenth year, was far from any visible end, and was growing worse every day.

They massacred the Berry family in Short Creek, they ventured north among the settlements beyond where anyone had imagined they would dare to go, and they fought to the death for the bands of horses, the herds of cattle, and the flocks of sheep with which they started back towards their homeland.

And now something happened again in the Navajo country, some tremendous thing which echoed all the way over the big river and the high mountain into Utah, as positively and giving as much alarm as that other echo in 1863, when Carson made his big roundup. For now, the thousands who had been held in humiliating captivity at *Bosque Redondo*, were released to return to their desolated country. With a very limited stock of provisions and half a dozen sheep to the family, they came sadly back to prey on each other or on their neighbors or to perish of starvation. Hemmed off on the north, on the east, and on the south as the refugees had been, there was but one direction in which they could look with any degree of safety and that was towards southern Utah where the settlers were already in a death-fight to survive. With no alternative but to brave the

FIRING LINE

By Albert R. Lyman ~ ~ ~

dangers in that direction or sit meekly down to hunger, hoards of them set forth with stealthy step to find horses, cattle, sheep, anything that would help to keep their bodies and spirits together. It was for them to steal or die, and some of them were to die for stealing, and then the survivors sought revenge for those who fell in the fight.

IN the early winter they came again to

Pipe Springs where Dr. Whitmore and his herder, Mackentire, tended a flock of sheep. When the Springs were next visited by men from the settlements, wading out there through the deep snow, they found the cabin empty, its supplies gone, its furniture and utensils scattered or missing, Whitmore, his herder, and the sheep gone. They hunted a long time for some trace, wading back and forth in the snow, and then by the feathered end of an arrow, reaching up like a little flag from the wind-swept surface, they uncovered Dr. Whitmore, bristling with Navajo arrows. Mackentire

peration with thoughts of the hungry loved ones waiting at home, they fled with their haul in all possible haste. The men who followed them also had loved ones to be kept from impending want, and when the pursuers overtook the pursued, they fought, fought with the abandon of men who see no other way to live. Being under the necessity of defending themselves and holding their stolen stock at the same time, the robbers were at a distinct disadvantage in the fight, even more so when they were outnumbered, and it frequently happened that the survivors had to fly empty-handed, leaving their dead scattered about where they fell.

However, their big, successful hauls of livestock came so nearly being the rule, and the tragic ending so often the exception, that the Navajos took heart to apply themselves with vigor along what appeared to be their highway to financial recovery. In 1867, impelled by want, they hid in all the passes leading northward from their impoverished country. They got away with twelve hundred animals in one herd, crossing them over the river at *El Vado de Los Padres*, while Jacob Hamblin and forty men followed other Navajos to Lee's Ferry, forty miles below.

According to Ammon Tenny, a contemporary writer, the Navajos stole a million dollars worth of livestock from southern Utah in one year—a million dollars worth of horses, cattle, and sheep from the impoverished frontier! It was becoming unbearable, yet this exasperated enemy had not yet made its most alarming threat. Tenny declared they were the only tribe of Indians who fought the Mormons persistently and implacably, scorning all offers of peace for twenty years.

Like wolves sniffing for their prey they waited eagerly to pounce on anything they could devour. Not in the summertime only, but driven by necessity, they came in the dead of winter, toiling through or contriving to walk on the snow in hopes of finding something which had been entrusted for safekeeping to the barriers of frost and storm. The Mormon sentinels had to counter all these movements, maintaining their vigil whatever the weather, whatever the cost, mounting in desperation to meet the desperation of the enemy, for they too had loved ones waiting and praying for their success.

After some of these bloody clashes on the wild border the Navajos sickened at sight of their dead, and to bolster their courage they brought with them some of their invincible Piute neighbors from the uncharted region north of the San Juan. Seven of these Piutes lay dead on the trail after one of the fights, and their entrance into the conflict marked a most serious angle to its future development.

TIME was to prove that this deeply-straitened corner of Utah, with its impassable gulches and reefs and rims was sheltering a breed of Indians destined to defy the orders of the United States forty-three years, when all other tribes had accepted its standards.

In a severe winter of the latter "sixties," with the people of the southern border fighting to hold their own against the Navajos, and both Mormons and Navajos taxing their wits to hold their own against the frost, Hamblin and his men wallowed through snow up to their stirrups in no man's land, suffering hardships untold. He matched the Navajo use of Piutes from San Juan with friendly Utes from nearer home, and along the wide front they fought battles to the death even when he was not with them. Some of these fights were never reported, for the men to report them fell in the conflict, and when Hamblin saw crows and buzzards circling over some distant place, he went there to count the dead.

These scenes cut deeply into Hamblin's generous sympathies. He loved the Indians; he could see the situation from their angle. No matter that the Navajos had mocked at his offer of peace, murdered his beloved companion, and driven him from their country, his big heart swelled with sorrow when he looked at their dead faces there on the hills. He longed to win their confidence as he had won the confidence of the Utes, and established peace between them and the settlers.

But hunger never sleeps—the war went on. In spite of the vigil of Hamblin and his scouts, including his faithful Ute recruits, the Navajos made a big haul of livestock from Utah in '68. These men of the desert had spent centuries mastering the art of stripping wary Mexicans and Pueblos of their possessions, and they were not to be balked by such improvised defenses as the Mormons, so lately from the eastern states, had learned to employ against them.

The winter of 1869-70 brought hardships on a big scale to the southern frontier, with Hamblin and his invincibles battling bravely to save their much-needed livestock. In the wretched days and nights of his vigil in desert and mountain he contemplated the extreme suffering of his men, the losses his people had endured and must yet endure. He considered also the privations and injustice heaped upon the Navajos for, robbers though they were, they had rights, and their rights had not been respected. Most of all he dreaded to find those circles of crows and the bodies of men who died while hunting food for themselves and their children.

Hamblin discerned that conditions
(Continued on page 798)

Piute Indians



was found under a drift, but the flock of sheep was gone and all tracks hidden under the snow.

Others of these raiding gangs were not fortunate in having their tracks covered with snow, and knowing they would be followed, and goaded to des-

THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 797)

were growing steadily worse, that if something were not done to turn the tide, the frontier would be laid waste, towns would be burned, and the enemy would entrench themselves in all the gulches and mountains. Hoping to forestall these probabilities he appealed to President Brigham Young for permission to go again as peace envoy to the Navajos, trusting that now, after they had been so greatly humiliated, they would deign to consider his message.

The President approved heartily, told Hamblin to go, and pronounced his blessing on him in this effort for peace. Again Hamblin took with him Ira Hatch, Thales Haskell, and other stalwart frontiersmen and missionaries of unfaltering intrepidity, and they went pleading for peace where they had been received with contempt before. They found the Navajos smarting with the memory of what Carson and his troops had done to them, and the years of their anguish at *Bosques Redondo*. That of itself might have tended to soften their hearts towards the men from the north, but they had other memories, memories of sons or brothers or fathers who became food for crows somewhere north of the Buckskins.

Besides the difficult matter of forgiving, as this peace plan required, it would bar them from the chief field of their very profitable industry as robbers. To make things worse, the government agents, thinking thereby to curry the favor of the natives, treated the peace messengers as intruders and swindlers. It began to look as if the sanest and safest thing for Hamblin and his company would be to get back to the river while they could, and return home in safety or hazard a repetition of the tragedy they had suffered there twelve years before. The feeling everywhere present was so bitter against him it seemed unthinkable that they could overcome it, even if they could remain on the reservation.

It would have taken a very bold prophet to predict that within eighteen years these Mormons would have found a place in the Navajo confidence which no white men as a group had ever found before. The Navajos had spit their venom for centuries at the conquering forces of Spain, and they had bowed to the United States only to save their lives when they were outgeneraled and outnumbered, not at all because they had been won as men have to be won before they surrender with their hearts.

Hamblin and his brethren had something most potent to offer, and they wanted only a hearing. They knew that love and kindness are the most potent, the most enduring of all forces which change the lives of men for the better; that the methods of conquest

which had reduced or exterminated Indian tribes from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rocky Mountains, is the very kind against which the human heart will revolt with its very last failing pulsation. In their travels from one camp to another, the missionaries met only with individuals or with families, finding no representative gathering to hear their plea, or to make any official answer for the nation. Even though they made a friend here and another there, it would still be the work of years to get the Navajos as a people committed to the offer of good will, and in those years the conflict would go on and perhaps develop dreadful proportions.

They heard that a great national council had been appointed for a certain day at Fort Defiance, and taking some of his companions with him, Hamblin headed for the fort, resolved by all means to be heard. He arrived to learn that the program had already been arranged, no place left for him to worm his way in, and the combined sentiment of the eight thousand Navajos assembled was just eight thousand times more against him than



he had encountered from individuals on the trails and in the hogans.

A certain Major Powell was there, a man of great influence and superior authority, and to him Hamblin poured forth his story with all his splendid power of appeal. Powell was charmed. He called to the big gathering for attention, gave Hamblin a most favorable introduction, and ordered the Navajos to hear his message.

Hamblin appreciated that now, after twenty years of futile endeavor and conflict, the great moment of opportunity had come, and with it came the assurance and the composure of the "love which casteth out all fear." Slowly and very impressively he began to speak while the great copper-colored audience gave him the reluctant, momentary attention which the major's order compelled. But the moment was prolonged into a great silence of awe while Hamblin brought all his powers of soul to bear on his plea for peace.

He told them the Mormon men and boys wanted to fight, but their leader, Brigham Young, wanted peace. He related the Mormon belief that the In-

dians are destined to become a great people, that the Mormon scriptures say wonderful things about them, and he invited them to come over into Utah without fear, to work for and trade with the people there and be their friends.

His soulful appeal reached their hearts. At least it reached the hearts of the leading men of the nation, and the big chief, Barbecenta, put his arms around Hamblin, declaring that what he had said was good, very good. Then the chief made a strong and impassioned speech to his people, declaring uncompromisingly in favor of the plan which had been offered them. Turning to the Mormons he said he could not speak for all his people, but he would see the missionaries later and tell them more.

At the Hopi villages on their way home, the peace messengers were overtaken by Barbecenta and other chiefs, their hearts overflowing with kindness. "We want to eat with your people at one table," declared the chief. "We want to warm with them at one fire, and to be friends."

The great danger seemed suddenly to be past, the whole perilous situation transformed in an hour. But wait—the sweet lure of peace and brotherhood had moved some of the big souls of the nation, and they in their zeal had pacified some of the ignorant masses; that was all—their dominant passion of the bloody ages had by no means been purged from the tribe.

The hearts of the big chiefs had been moved as never before, and in due time three of these twelve national leaders, with others appointed to go along, journeyed all the way over mountain and desert to Salt Lake City and visited with the Mormon leaders. They ate as special guests at banquets, enjoyed other demonstrations of welcome, and heard assurances of good will from Brigham Young and his immediate associates, to which they responded in pledges of hearty appreciation. Returning home they spread the glad tidings of good will, and told their people to go without fear to work and trade among the settlements.

It was really too good to be true, too good to last—a great prevailing tide of ages reversed in a few short weeks. All the same, the people on both sides of the long conflict, weary and disgusted, had the simple faith to accept it for what it seemed to be: the long-sought day of peace.

Up over the trails where they had sneaked in caution before, the Navajos came now in glad companies to trade, to work, to engage in any legitimate enterprise for the things of which they stood in need. They peddled their blankets and their silverware without fear in strange towns faraway to the north, giving and receiving friendly greetings, and everything just seemed

(Continued on page 829)



CHRISTMAS in Colonia Juarez

By Marba C. Josephson

TO no other people in the world could Christmas bring the peculiar, pulsating happiness that it brought to the children in the unique little town of Colonia Juarez, Mexico, in the early 1900's. For those to whom Christmas means making a list and stepping into a store for riotous purchase, this story will seem meager. To those who were privileged to experience one, no "boughten" Christmas will ever equal it.

Juarez was an anomaly. Listed officially as a Mexican town, it led a hybrid life of its own, a rare combination of Mexican and American customs.

Named for the great Mexican hero, Benito Juarez, its existence was a queer shuttling between American tradition and Mexican living. The houses that rose on Mexican soil were faintly reminiscent of the New England home which had been transplanted, lookout roof, dormer window, and all, to the desert lands of Utah, and now sprang up, alien and aloof, in the rolling Mexican wastelands.

While nostalgia clung to the buildings, it gradually vanished from the minds of those who, acclimatized, began to relish the full flavor of the Mexican *mañana*. They soon learned that full flavor cannot be extracted from life unless the bustle of industrialized activity is permitted to run down somewhat. Once accustomed to the even, easy temper of the warmer climate, these Mormons accepted with gratitude the more even keel of their transplanted lives.

PROBABLY in those days Christmas was simpler throughout the world. But it was true that simple activities brought intenser joys. For weeks before the awaited day, adults whispered in corners and behind closed doors, and spelled out long-sounding words, and winked knowingly when little packages

were smuggled into the house to be taken into the master bedroom and carefully hidden.

During the months that immediately preceded Christmas, boxes and cans were solicitously gathered and treasured in the window box of this special bedroom. There they accumulated until a week or so before Christmas. Then behind a locked door—with the key in the lock to prevent peeping—the wives of the neighborhood would gather and set to work. Incidentally, that was the only time that a door was ever locked in Juarez.



To the children who clustered outside the door, heaven itself could not have presented more allure.

There was a divine odor that no locked doors could restrain, and tiny noses, sharp as any hounds', sniffed in the aroma that meant more in youthful lives than nectar and ambrosia could have possibly meant to the ancient Greeks. Not even chemists with their knowledge could have explained satisfactorily to the intense children that the odor was merely a solvent for the gilt with which their sewing boxes were being decorated. Even today any of the children whose first memory of Christmas dates to the Mexican hegira cannot catch the fragrant odor of banana oil without suffering acute homesickness for those Mexican Christmases.

Preparation for this gala event was not limited to the mothers. Sister Lewis, whose beloved youngest

daughter lived in Juarez, traveled the hazardous distance to learn at first hand how Kay was getting along.

Once in Mexico, Sister Lewis entered into the community life with zest. Even though many times a grandmother, one of her first actions was to enroll in the Juarez Academy so that she might learn how to speak Spanish. She also could instruct the youngsters in the intricate stitching of Christmas gifts far from inquisitive parental eyes.

Flour sacks were clandestinely whisked out of bureau drawers and taken to Sister Lewis, who knew exactly the right amount of lye to drop into the suds so that the printing would fade, leaving beautifully creamy cloth that with clever cutting and sewing could be transformed into undreamed-of beauty.

Many and varied were the uses to which the sacks were put. But first of all they must be ever so carefully measured and cut and hemmed. And no careless or lazy child could hope to escape Sister Lewis' zealous eye. Making a neat hem was a veritable proof of being of superior blood. The fulfillment of the nursery rhyme "sew a fine seam" was an essential test of all who wished to remain in Sister Lewis' sewing class.

IF there was any aristocracy in democratic Juarez, it was the aristocracy formed by Sister Lewis when she admitted or rejected those
(Concluded on page 823)



RUTH held tight to Jake's arm and looked at the gold and white drum set in the window and then with trembling at the sign that said \$150. "There they are, Jake!"

Jake didn't say anything, just looked, his old felt hat pushed to the back of his head, and she thought, \$150, and just a bit over two weeks until Christmas! She

"You worry about the kid too much, Ruth. Every boy goes through that gang stage. He'll get over it. Even if I had the money, I wouldn't spend it on junk like that!" He took hold of her arm and piloted her away from the window, and Ruth was conscious of an ache in her heart. She should have remembered that where Jerry was



"Beat GLAD DRUMS!"

could hear Jerry's excited voice, "Oh, gollys, Mom. You should see the drum set in Kimball's window. What a Christmas present that would make!"

For a minute he had been her little boy again. Her heart gave a painful wrench. Frightening how a boy could change! One day there was a closeness between you, and your worries for him were no more serious then satisfying his huge appetite, and keeping shoes on his feet, and then, almost overnight, he was a stranger, acting male and independent, hanging around street corners with Pete Bakkus and his gang, sullen and stubborn if you questioned his actions.

But if they could get the drum set for him! She pictured Jerry sitting at the drums, his long legs bent, a grin on his face as he played a roll on the snare drum, faint at first, then rising in crescendo, until your heart pulsed with its rhythm, then crash! with the cymbals.

She began to talk, excitement in her voice, "Mr. Standish, the music teacher at Central Junior says Jerry has a natural sense of rhythm. And if we could get him a drum set so he could practise, he'd really go places, and—"

"You lost your mind, Ruth?"

Her heart gave a sickening plunge. "What do you mean?" "Figurin' I can buy the kid a present that costs that much!"

She turned to Jake, her worn pocketbook held tight. "I know it's a lot of money, Jake. But Jerry wants it terribly much. If he had a drum set, Jake, he wouldn't chase around with Pete. He—"

concerned Jake had a stubborn blind spot, a "You can't expect him to stay tied to your apron strings" attitude.

SHE walked beside Jake up the street, the snowflakes cold on her cheeks. Ever since their marriage Jake had been driving a truck for the local coal company. The salary was small, and times had been hard with five children to feed and clothe, but she hadn't cared. Their love for each other had been warm and understanding. She had been so sure Jake could work a miracle.

Jake put an arm about her. "C'mon, honey, snap out of it! This is our payday date." He whistled a few bars of "White Christmas." "Got the kids' things out of lay-away," he told her. "Took 'em down to the company until Christmas Eve."

She tried to feel glad that the smaller children were going to have a nice Christmas. She tried to recapture the thrill of their payday date, but the glow wouldn't come back. She wondered whether Jerry was out with Pete.

"Want a burger?" Jake was grinning at her. They had reached "The Mug," and this was always the climax of their payday date, French fries and a cheeseburger.

"No, thank you. I'm not hungry."

Jake looked surprised and angry. "Okay," he shrugged his shoulders and they walked on in silence; she was remembering the look on Jerry's face when he played the drums in the school orchestra.

Suddenly Jake stopped and took hold of her arms. "Look Ruth, don't let's spoil the whole evening. I was figurin' on buying Jerry the red ski sweater you said he might like."

"He doesn't want a ski sweater. He wants drums!" She remembered the Christmas she was sixteen. She had wanted a pair of rhinestone buckles more than anything else in the world. On Christmas morning there'd been a pair of black patent leather bows, and something wonderful in her had died. "Getting the one thing you really want is terribly important at sixteen, Jake!"

"But listen, Ruth. Where'd you put the things? Front room's the only place, and it's so small!"

"I'd move all the furniture out if necessary. Getting those drums *now* is the most important thing in the world, Jake!"

"He's got a lot of nerve askin' for an expensive gift like that!"

"He didn't exactly ask for them!" He hadn't, except with the longing in his voice. "He's been such a good kid, Jake. He's worked during the summer cutting lawns, and—"

"Where'd I get \$150?"

She should have heeded the warning note of anger in Jake's voice. But all at once her heart began to pound. Always until now, life had been a challenge—always being a bit poor, but managing to



"There they are, Jake!"

make ends meet somehow. Now, all of a sudden, being poor was stark and hurting.

"One hundred fifty dollars!" she cried. "That isn't so much. Mrs. Sarlo's husband got that much for a Christmas bonus. Some people give their boys a convertible for Christmas and think nothing of it."

For a moment he looked as if she had struck him, and then his jaw stuck out in his stubborn mule look. "Too bad I'm not a millionaire," he said. "Too bad I don't have a swell job like Bill Sarlo. Bet Bill Sarlo with all his money, doesn't hand over his pay check every week to his wife!"

He was asking her for a bit of praise, and she couldn't speak the words. Jerry would hope against hope for those drums. "And I'll bet Bill Sarlo's wife doesn't scrimp and save the way I do, either!"

They said a lot of mean things to each other standing there in the snow, and finally Jake snapped, "Okay, so I'm a failure and my kids are underprivileged, but I don't want to hear any more about drums!"

"Don't worry; you won't!"

ALL the way home Jake kept a few steps ahead of her, and when they reached home, he went in their room and slammed the door.

Ruth went to the back room. Jerry's bed was empty. She undressed, put on her robe, and sat by the stove. Worry for Jerry was a physical thing. She heard Jake's snore. Jake doesn't care, she thought. He won't wake up to the danger ahead until Jerry's in real trouble.

It was after twelve when Jerry came home. He looked more lanky and overgrown than ever in the tight fitting Levis.

"Gosh, Mom. You still up?"

Mustn't nag, she thought, or I'll never find out where he's been. "I wasn't sleepy."

He sat down opposite her, his hands beating out a rhythm on his knees, as if he always carried a tune in his head. "Did you and Dad go by and see the drums in Kimball's window?"

She looked at Jerry. He was almost a man, as big as Jake. Because of Jerry, they'd said things to each other they'd never forget. She wanted to cry, he's been a good father, the least you can do is be a good son and not worry us half to death. And then she saw the longing look in Jerry's eyes and she remembered the rhinestone buckles and knew how Jerry was feeling inside.

"Yes, we saw them, Jerry," she said slowly. "It looks like a swell set, but you—you can't just wish for an expensive gift like that. Your dad's got about all he can handle, just feeding and clothing us all."

Jerry bent his head, and his hands stopped their beating. Ruth got up quickly, came back with cookies and milk. "I made these for you today."

Jerry munched on the cookies. "Pete stopped by," he said. "We finally ended up at the 'Calico Cat.'" Her hands were suddenly

icy. The "Calico Cat" was a night club. She thought, my Jerry in that place. "The drummer, Mom! Oughta see him do a Gene Krupa roll on the snare drum!"

This time he only went to hear the drums. Maybe next time he'll take a drink, she thought. Only two weeks until Christmas. If only there were some way. If—why not buy

the drums on the instalment plan! She could do curtains, dress dolls.

"Maybe Santa Claus'll bring you the drums for Christmas, Son."

There were tears in Jerry's eyes. "Santa Claus? Aw, Mom, I haven't believed in Santa Claus for years!"

NEXT MORNING she was up at six.

Jake ate his breakfast in silence, but when he picked up his lunch bucket, he took hold of her arm. "Honey, don't let's be mad—"

She remembered that last night Jake hadn't even tried to find a way to get the drums. But she had. She turned her head away from his kiss. "Okay," he said huskily, "if that's the way you want it." He banged out of the house, and she looked after his tall, broad-shouldered figure apprehensively.

As soon as the older children had gone to school, Ruth bundled Bobby and little Jake into the buggy and pushed them downtown to the music store.

"If I bought those drums in the window on the instalment plan, how much would I have to pay down?" she asked the manager.

"I'd have to have at least twenty dollars down and twenty dollars a month," he told her.

"Wouldn't ten dollars do?" She could not keep the pleading out of her voice. "I want awfully much to give them to my boy for Christmas."

The man smiled. "Well, I guess ten would do it."

"Oh, thank you. I'll be back soon with the money."

She walked fast, pushing the buggy through the heavy snow, to Hoffman's grocery store. Did Mrs. Hoffman know of anyone who wanted curtains done or dolls dressed? Mrs. Hoffman certainly did.

By 10:30 Ruth had ten orders, and soon there was a boiler full of water on the stove and a pair of curtains done, a pair on the stretchers. By the end of the day her back was breaking, but her heart was light. As soon as Jake came home, she'd tell him everything. He'd never been one to hold a grudge.

But Jerry was there, and she couldn't tell Jake during supper, and afterwards Jake dressed in his best

(Continued on page 802)

By Mary Knowles

"BEAT GLAD DRUMS!"

(Continued from page 801)

suit. She asked, "Where are you going, Jake?"

He said half-joking, but angry, too, "Oh, don't be so nosy."

All at once she was so tired she wanted to cry. "I don't care where you go, or what you do!"

His face went red. "Okay, let's keep it that way!"

Jerry scarcely finished his supper. "I'm going out for awhile, Mom," he said.

With Pete, of course, she thought. But now that awful feeling of helplessness was gone. When Jerry saw those drums Christmas morning—! She worked until twelve and then tumbled tiredly into bed. A few minutes later she heard Jerry come in. But Jake wasn't home. It was after four when he went to bed. Next morning she looked at his drawn face, his tired eyes.

LIFE was a sharp pain through the weary days that followed. Every night as soon as supper was over Jake dressed in his good suit and went out, not to return until three or four in the morning, and Jerry was gone every night, too.

She had given herself a week at most to get the ten dollars, but little Jake was taken sick and some of the women were slow to pay, but finally, three days before Christmas, she had the money and fifty cents extra. Again she bundled the two small boys into the old buggy and pushed them towards town. Her spirits were like bright tinsel ornaments strung on a Christmas tree.

She reached Kimball's. The drums were gone. She hurried into the store. The manager came towards her. She opened her hand and showed him the crumpled bills, and dimes and quarters. He said, "I'm sorry, ma'am. I was hoping you'd come back for them. But you didn't, and I sold them yesterday."

She couldn't speak. She walked slowly home, crying quietly. So that was the way things turned out, even when you tried and tried.

An hour after she reached home, she heard Jake's truck drive in. She went to the window. She saw Jake's face as he climbed down from the big truck. She thought, something terrible's happened. Maybe he's lost his job because he's been partying

too much to do his work right, and it's all my fault—mine!

She met Jake at the door, her arms held out to him. "Jake—"

"I got there too late," he said tiredly. "Somebody else had bought the drums."

"The drums, Jake!"

"Yeah!" he grinned at her, a bit sheepishly, quite proudly. "You've been so mad I couldn't tell you, so I was going to let it be a surprise. I been workin' nights at the post office, helping with Christmas mail. Made fifty bucks, enough to buy the drums on time, but somebody else beat me to them."



She distinctly saw a halo above Jake's head, tipped at a jaunty angle. Her arms went about his neck, and she was crying out his heartache and weariness of the past ten days, and Jake was holding her tight and saying healing, loving things.

She started to laugh. "Oh, Jake, there are other music stores in town. We can buy Jerry a swell drum set!"

But there were no drum sets in town. They came home tired and discouraged. And Ruth was remembering that Jerry had been gone every night and again that feeling of helplessness possessed her.

AFTER supper Jake put an arm around Jerry's shoulder. "Care to take in a show with your old man?"

Jerry's grin was almost the old grin, and then he stubbornly thrust his hands in his pockets. "Sorry, Dad. Made another date for tonight."

Ruth said, "Jerry, you can't—" She saw Jake's warning look. "No

good to forbid him to go," he told her after Jerry had gone. "When I was Jerry's age, there was a kid, George. Mom didn't like him, and she wouldn't let me go with him. So after she'd gone to sleep, I'd sneak out the bedroom window."

She thought of Pete, and the way his eyes would never meet hers. "Pete's no good, Jake."

"I know that honey, but if we could get drums, Jerry'd be so busy practising he'd forget all about Pete. I'll borrow the truck and drive to Scranton tomorrow. Maybe I can find some there."

But there were no drums in Scranton, and the day before Christmas they bought Jerry a tan fingertip jacket like Bill Sarlo's boy was wearing and a red ski sweater. "And I'll tell Jerry tonight how I've got enough money left to pay on drums when they come in."

But Jerry didn't come home for supper. "Surely he won't stay away on Christmas Eve," Ruth said. But he did.

After the children were in bed, Jake put on his overcoat and there was a grim look about him. "You might try the 'Calico Cat,' Jake," she said.

"I'll find him, honey." He was back two hours later, without Jerry. "Was Pete at the 'Calico Cat,' Jake?"

Jake shook his head.

"He isn't home, either."

"Maybe he's been hurt!"

"I checked the hospitals, honey. The kid's probably taking in a show."

"Sure that's it, Jake." They went to bed, but Ruth lay tense. She was remembering last Christmas Eve when a group of teen-age boys robbed Gladwell's store.

"This George I was telling you about," Jake said suddenly. "Nobody could tell me he was no good. Dad whipped me. Mom talked her head off. I still thought George was swell. And then one day I was fed up with George. It's got to be that way with Pete. Jerry's got to find out for himself."

She heard the front door open and Jerry's step, and relief surged through her. But he didn't walk right through to his bedroom. She could visualize that one swift look about the small front room for

(Concluded on page 824)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

"O TANNENBAUM"

By Mary Brentnall

THE tree was very tall. Bryce and Susan measured it as it lay on the floor. They looked it over thoughtfully, trying to decide whether it should be incised off at the top or the bottom, certain they were, that it wouldn't stand in their little room without some alterations.

"It was surely wonderful of Dad to bring this down from the ranch for us," said Bryce. "Dad said he wanted to start us off right for our first Christmas."

"I can't stand to cut a speck off of the beauty," mourned Sue. "When a thing is perfect, it shouldn't be reduced. Do you remember my grandmother's lovely high ceilings? This tree would have stood beautifully in her parlor."

In the end, Bryce sawed two inches off the top and six inches off the bottom. The two inches was easy, and it would still look beautiful because of the star. But the trunk was different. It was heavy. There was no place to work; no vise to hold it; no "horses" to lay it across. Bryce was worried. He could so easily ruin the tree—knocking off needles, twigs, or even branches.

"We'll put it on pillows," suggested Sue. "And I'll hold it very firmly and sort of soothe it. Everything will be fine, Bryce, but I sure hate to see this second operation. After all, it's been chopped down once already. I feel like I should give it an anesthetic."

Bryce looked at her fondly. "Don't weaken, my girl. We must approach this manfully. Which shall it be—rubber gloves, masks, sedatives, mercurochrome—or just good, clean strokes with my saw, sweep up the dust, lift the tree—and all is forgiven?"

"Go ahead, darling. You're the doctor."

And so it was done. Then with one arm around Susan and one around the tree Bryce made sage comment.

"That's us, Susy, always making adjustments. Some things too high. Some things too low—slicing off a little, both top and bottom—building up here and there. I'm afraid



—Photograph, Harold M. Lambert

we'll have to do a lot of it in our lives."

"Too bad we didn't live in Grandmother's day when rooms were tall and life was generous."

"Sometimes, my pet, I'm rather pleased we didn't. I never liked her wall telephone, her potted rubber plant, or her hired girl. So let's not get sentimental and sorry for ourselves. Just good clean surgery and sweep up the chips—that's how I feel."

Sue gave his arm a squeeze. "Good old Bryce," she murmured. "The old philosopher!"

Let's TALK IT OVER

BRYCE was working with the base.

"Let's stand the tree in some water," said Sue. "It will stay alive and pliant much longer."

"Good idea. I think we can manage it with a big shallow pan. Trees are a little sad when they get dry and begin to shed all over the place."

"And turn a little brown instead of green. This one is so beautiful, I want it to keep its good looks—like my handsome husband."

"Honey, I'm too occupied to even thank you properly for that one, but

it sure makes me feel good. Bryce, the stalwart tree! Bryce, the boy with all the outdoor virtues—tall, straight, handsome, strong—and green as green!

"Bryce," continued Sue, "whom I will love right up to the final stages of the 'sear and yellow' but in whom I take great pride because he's so young and handsome right now."

"A very involved speech, Sue, but pretty, very pretty—just like my best gal."

"Oh, Bryce, this is really fun. The tree looks superb now it's up. What goes on first—lights or trimmings?"

"Lights, I guess. But to be brutally frank, I'm wondering why we decorate this stalwart specimen which you have so recently likened to your sturdy husband. Would you swathe me in cotton wool, spray me with soapsuds, dust me with mica and tie baubles to my appendages?"

"Heaven forbid! But I was intending to buy you a 'marvy' tie—something in red and green perhaps. And I notice that you wear elegant cufflinks, a suave tie clasp, and a truly wonderful wrist watch."

"All purely utilitarian. Not so with these here tree trimmings, Madame. What say we just let the tree go native?"

"It would be lovely, but if we were going to do that, we should have left it growing on the mountainside. It's here now, and I'd love to decorate it. I want all this beautiful structure practically covered with Christmas glow. I want to bring in all the neighborhood kids for candy canes. I want to have a party for all the young marrieds—like us—around here. I want to do something for all the older folk. Decorating a tree seems to me like taking a beautiful mother and heaping her with flowers and jewels on her birthday. It doesn't really add anything, of course, but it doesn't take away anything, either. It's just a gracious, gorgeous way to celebrate a wonderful occasion."

"Let's go! You pass me the sheen, Sue, and I'll spread it on."

(Continued on page 932)

Christmas Books For Children

I TALK ABOUT MY CHILDREN
(Ora Pate Stewart. Illustrated. Naylor, San Antonio, Texas.
1948. 115 pages. \$2.00.)

WHILE not properly a children's book, it is from the lips of children and shows how a family unity can be built so well that it must head the list of books for Christmas. The author's foreword reads: "I didn't write this book. I only copied it down." And anyone reading will recognize the truthfulness of that statement—and the joy of association with young people. This book is one that deserves to be in at least one stocking of every house in the land.—M. C. J.

NEW TESTAMENT HEROES
ACTS OF THE APOSTLES VISUALIZED
(The Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. \$3.50 a dozen.)

THIS delightful picturization of the Acts of the Apostles including Peter's work and the conversion and first missionary journey of Paul should, if possible, be made available to young folk of the picture book age. The colors and the drawings in this book are delightful and will satisfy the desire of young people for pictured treatment as well as inculcate them with the freshness of the gospel message as it first dawned in the Mediterranean world.—M. C. J.

NATHAN—BOY OF CAPERNAUM
(Amy Morris Lillie. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.
192 pages. \$2.50.)

THROUGH the eyes of a boy the author tells the story of the life and times of Jesus of Nazareth. Nathan first sees Jesus in the center of a crowd, and as the book unfolds, he becomes Nathan's hero. Of course, Nathan is a creation of the author's thinking, but his faith and his story from New Testament times engenders the same devotion in boys of today.

—A. L. Z., Jr.

HOW TO MAKE DOLLS AND DOLL HOUSES
(Tina Lee. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York.
64 pages. 1948. \$2.25.)

MOTHER and daughter alike will find a wealth of interesting material in this book to help take the "gray" out of rainy days. Practical and simple methods of making dolls, doll houses, and furniture are told and illustrated in an easily understood manner. Diagrams and patterns are included.—D. L. G.

BIRD DOG BARGAIN
(Kenneth Gilbert. Henry Holt and Co., New York. 200 pages. \$2.50.)

WHETHER you are a lover of dogs or not, this story of a boy and his gun-shy bird dog puppy will appeal to youth with its tale of how Joey, with the help of a neighbor trapper, trained the puppy and overcame its handicap to the extent that it took first honors at the state field trials.

Interwoven in the story are exciting adventures with bear and cougar in the woods and detailed directions for training bird dogs. Further training instructions are included in an appendix.

The author has a delightful way of interpreting the "thoughts" and "emotions" of animals into terms of human behavior.—D. L. G.

JOE MAGARA AND HIS U.S.A. CITIZEN PAPERS
(Irwin Shapiro. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 64 pages. \$2.00.)

REMINISCENT of Paul Bunyan is this blustery tale of the legendary hero of the steel mills. How he came from the Old Country to work in the U. S. steel mills, made more and better steel than all the rest put together and overcame an intolerance for foreigners to at last obtain his citizenship in the U.S.A. is told in true folklore style and high humor.—D. L. G.

RED EMBERS
(Dorothy Lyons. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. Illustrated.
1948. 262 pages. \$2.50.)

THIS is a swift-moving story for girls who love good sportsmanship and enjoy keen rivalry. Phil Blake, reared on a ranch in California, trained her favorite pony Red Embers from the time he was a tiny colt and with the expert guidance of her father, he became an outstanding polo pony, and finally gained for Phil a coveted position on the All-American women's team. The book is enhanced by ink sketches throughout.—E. J. M.

SUE ANN'S BUSY DAY
(Sally Scott. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. Illustrated.
1948. 52 pages. \$1.75.)

SUE ANN's best friend left for a vacation the day school was out, and Sue Ann felt she was going to have a perfectly "awful" summer. Even paper dolls were no longer any fun. The days took on a new meaning when she found a way to keep busy and to earn some money as well. Written in a free and easy style, with interesting illustrations on almost every page, this book is suitable for little girls.—E. J. M.

MORE FAVORITE STORIES OLD AND NEW FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

(Selected by Sidonie M. Gruenberg. Doubleday & Co., Garden City.
399 pages. \$3.75.)

THIS collection is another step in the reading direction of children of the second level in reading as her *Favorite Stories Old and New* offered direction on the first reading level. The collection includes several sections: Boys and Girls Here and There, Of Courage and Adventure, Folk Tales: Animals Around the World, When America Was Younger, Enchantment and Wonder, Humor and Tall Tales, Of Man's Best Friends: Horses and Dogs, From Myths and Fables to Legend and History. Preceding each section the author has written an introductory note which will make the reading of the stories more enjoyable. This collection will prove invaluable to parents and teachers who are eager to get worthwhile stories for home or classroom use.—M. C. J.

SHIPS OF THE FLEET
(Elizabeth Mallett Conger. Henry Holt and Company, New York.
178 pages. \$2.00.)

EACH branch of the service is fully treated in this book of ships of our navy. It is profusely illustrated with authentic photographs, and the ships are described in detail, from battleship to "alligator." The story, however, is told in narrative style and makes good reading for young and old and for boys particularly. A comprehensive index adds much to the book's value.

—E. J. M.

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN
(Ruth Crawford Seeger. Illustrated. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York. 1948.
190 pages. \$4.00.)

NO LESS a person than Carl Sandburg puts his seal of approval on this songbook by stating, "Ruth Seeger's songbook is no sudden notion. It represents many years of a rare mother living with her music and her children. Her collection embodies an extraordinary array of time-tested songs for little ones, many of them so old they have been forgotten and now have the freshness of the new." And the preface by Lilla Belle Pitts, professor of music education, Teachers College, Columbia University, adds another delightful sidelight: "... this is a book, if ever there was one, that has grown out of the very heart of an affectionate and

cooperative family and social life." The author's "How the Book Grew" is a delight to read, and the songs themselves are fun—a *must* for families.

—M. C. J.

PEACH TREE ISLAND

(Mildred Lawrence. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 224 pages. 1948. \$2.25.)

THIS is a story of nine-year-old Cissie who comes to Peach Tree Island after having lived with each of three aunts in turn since earliest childhood.

Peach Tree Island, the girl's forgetful but understanding uncle, his homely housekeeper, and the orchards become very dear to Cissie. She proves that she can be as valuable as a boy in the orchards and is finally invited to make Peach Tree Island her permanent home. Girls between eight and twelve will enjoy the story.—D. L. G.

TRUE ZOO STORIES

(William Bridges. Illustrated. William Sloane Associates, New York. 127 pages. 1948. \$2.50.)

CHILDREN will enjoy this book almost as thoroughly as a trip to the zoo. In a manner clearly understandable to the young, descriptions of many animals are given as well as their natural habitats, what they eat, and how they live. Excellent photographs further enhance the value of the book.

—D. L. G.

THE AESOP FOR CHILDREN

(Illustrated by Milo Winter. Rand McNally Company, New York. 112 pages. \$2.00.)

AESOP is a *must* for young and old—and this delightful presentation will be a delight to both. Without Aesop our language would lose much of its pungency. Imagine taking "sour grapes" and "the hare and the tortoise" out of our everyday talk! And since these stem from Aesop, we need to refresh ourselves and teach young people these fables so illustrative of human foibles.—M. C. J.

PATCH

(Mary Elling. Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. 159 pages. 1948. \$2.00.)

JOE and Tony with their little friend, Sarah, spend a full and exciting summer teaching Patch to obey and become a good farm dog as well as a wonderful pet. Difficulties are encountered with a neighboring farmer who develops a dislike for the dog, but even this is overcome when Patch saves the experimental wheat crop of both his young masters' father and the neighbor. Peppy illustrations by Ursula Koering add further interest.

—D. L. G.

SUGAR AND SPICE

(Lorraine Beim. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 215 pages. 1948. \$2.50.)

ANN is abruptly informed at the close of her senior year in high school that she will be unable to attend college because it is not possible for both her and her brother to go. This is the first of many incidents which indicate to her that boys are given preference over girls in schooling, business, and the professions.

For a time her college years and planned career as a psychologist seem impossible, but following a visit to an aunt who helps her gain a clear perspective of the problem she sets about with undaunted courage and a good deal of "spice" to make her plans work.—D. L. G.

ROGER AND THE FOX

(Lavinia R. Davis. Illustrated. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. 1947. 44 pages. \$2.00.)

"If you want to see wild animals," Seth had said, "you can't just rush in on 'em. You have to wait and be patient." Roger was six, and he loved walking home from school through the rustling leaves, but he tried to move quietly so as not to startle the small creatures in the woods. Then as winter came and Roger had his first skis, he decided winter was the best time of all. His many explorations on his long walks from school are interestingly and entertainingly depicted in color by Hildegard Woodward.—E. J. M.

BUFFALO GOLD

(Geraldine Wyatt. Longmans, Green & Company, Inc., New York. 1948. 184 pages. \$2.25.)

A TALE of life on the Kansas plains is thrillingly told in this book for the teen-age boy and girl. Against the grimness of living in a dugout and fear of attack by Indians, is fifteen-year-old Anthon Hull's love of the land. The story is full of action and down-to-earth living.—E. J. M.

VICTORIOUS ISLAND

(Henriette van der Haas. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1947. 193 pages. \$2.50.)

THE time is 1944, and Walcheren Island, once a beauty spot of the Netherlands, is being liberated after years of Nazi oppression. Jan, a fourteen-year-old Dutch lad, who has done much to carry on, on the family farm, and to keep the spark of Dutch morale alive, is ready to do his part in the exciting work of aiding the Allies. Gerard Hordyk made the illustrations for the book while visiting his native land soon after the liberation.

—A. L. Z., Jr.

PINEY BEAR

(Helen Ogston. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1948. 54 pages.)

THIS story of a Yellowstone bear is an exceptional nature story which young people between the ages of eight to twelve will enjoy and from which adults will learn much concerning the habits of bears and other animals in the great Yellowstone Park.—M. C. J.

THE ADVENTURES OF

JACK AND JILL

(Clare Randolph. Illustrated. Holloway House, Chicago. 1948. \$1.00.)

THE story behind Jack and Jill as told by this author will prove as fascinating as the nursery rhyme itself. And the magic Thistle assured Jack and Jill that there would always be water—and they set to work to build a little stone wall across the creek to keep all the water from running away.—M. C. J.

LITTLE SQUEEGY BUG

(Bill and Bernard Martin. Illustrated. Tell-Well Press, Kansas City. Revised. \$1.00.)

THIS story of the firefly will prove of interest as the authors state for children of four to ninety-nine. And in these days of longevity it is doubtful that ninety-nine will be the end of interest. One commendable feature of this book as of others of this publishing house is that the bindings of the books are sewed to the pages, thus making a more durable product for the rough and tumble eagerness of children.—M. C. J.

SCARFACE

(Andre Norton. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1948. 263 pages. \$2.75.)

BREATHING deep of the atmosphere of the sea is this tale of Scarface, cabin boy of Captain Cheap, one of the leaders of the pirate stronghold, Tortuga. Although there are hints of a mystery in Scarface's background, he remembers no other life. But after many thrilling adventures he discovers his real identity.—A. L. Z., Jr.

LIGHTNING

(Bill and Bernard Martin. Illustrated. Tell-Well Press, Kansas City. \$1.00.)

THIS story of the development of understanding between two peoples: the white and the Indian, will help much in the knowledge that honesty is the best policy in dealing with everyone. The mare that Danny wanted belonged to Eagle, and so he returned her to him. In gratitude Eagle gave her colt, Lightning, to Danny for his very own.—M. C. J.

the spoken word

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

By RICHARD L. EVANS

"Exit Lines"

PEOPLE who write plays often pull themselves out of predicaments by the use of "exit lines." With a good exit line an actor can extricate himself from the most difficult dilemmas. But the need for exit lines is by no means confined to the theater. In real life exit lines may save many situations also; for example, we could often use one for the person who has time to waste, and who wants to waste our time while he is wasting his—for the person who supposes that his leisure is everyone's leisure. But there are numerous needs for exit lines in more serious circumstances. Often young people are faced with unpleasant alternatives, such as a choice between principles and so-called popularity. But popularity with people who offer only this alternative isn't ever worth the price. And when we are dealing with people who won't understand any other language, often the only adequate exit line is a definite and determined, "No!" And if an emphatic "No" isn't accepted, exit by action may be called for—a determined exit without lingering or looking back. Doing just that has saved many a man from many a mistake—and Joseph in Egypt was one of them. One of the most unforgettable exit lines of all time is the one that terminated the temptation of Jesus the Christ when "the devil . . . sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, . . . And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan." In social situations, in business bargaining, and in many other matters, all of us meet many proposals. But when a proposal passes the limits of propriety and principle, then it is time for an exit. There isn't enough money in the world, there isn't enough profit or popularity or social prestige to justify anyone's doing anything contrary to conscience and conviction. Our safety and self-respect suggest that we adopt principles within which we will conduct

our lives, and beyond which we will not be moved—principles by which we can immediately decide what will be our final answer—our exit line—to any proposal. "Let men decide what they will not do, and they will be free to do vigorously what they ought to do."

—Matthew 4:8-10
—Mencius

—October 3, 1948.

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How Much May We Expect of Men?

IN our efforts to find a solution for our perplexing problems, we sometimes appoint people to various positions, give them credentials, and send them off to their assignments, earnestly hoping that, without much more effort on our part, they will find a safe and sure solution to the problems that plague us. We often expect much of men. And there is much that sincere and able and honest men can do. But we would do well to remember that men, after all, are men. And to emphasize this fact, suppose that all of you ask yourselves this question: If the world's pressing problems were in your hands waiting to be set right, just what would you do? What would be your answer to all of the unanswered questions of our time? This is a grave question. And remember that your answer must be practicable and workable—that it must be ready right now, and that it cannot and must not fail. Suppose that if your answer fails, the world is at war again, and that men, with more physical force than they have ever had, are again doing their best to exterminate each other. And remember, too, that you are only a man with the wisdom of a man, even as are all other men. Some men are wiser than others; some are more able than others; some have broader knowledge of the ways of the world. But all of them are men. All of them have limitations. All of them make mistakes. None of them is infallible. And so, suppose you put yourself in the place of those who

have the problems of the world upon their shoulders. And suppose even though you are sincerely seeking a solution, you are facing other men who are not thinking as you are thinking. When you face these facts, you may realize how urgently men need higher help as they ponder the problems of the world. And you may then well know how much they need our earnest prayers, and how urgently they need insight and inspiration; for mere men, without any higher help, are woefully inadequate. But by the prayers of all people, by repentance, by the guidance of the Lord God, and by pursuing the paths of the Prince of Peace, men may have right and reason to expect the answers to their perplexing problems.

—October 10, 1948.

Copyright 1948

*You Can't Go Back**

PERHAPS most of us at times cherish the thought that we would like to go back—back to try over—or back to enjoy once more the reality of some of our memories. But places long unseen often loom larger in memory than they really are. That haystack on the old farm was surely much higher than now it seems. That green lane was surely longer and lovelier than this. And that high fence in the back yard and the tree we climbed to look over it—surely they were an important part of the universe. And the old house had yawning caves in the closets, and untold mysteries in that deep cellar and up in that beckoning yet forbidding attic. Why, that house couldn't have been as small as now it seems. Surely it couldn't be I who have changed! I remember these things, and they were real, and they are real now where I keep them in remembrance. And all those things we used to do and think and feel before life put its heavy hand upon us—where and how did we lose them? Perhaps some of the values we had in childhood were safer and better than some we have acquired since. Perhaps the things

we remember haven't changed so much. Perhaps the change has been in us. But we can't go back. Oh, of course, we may possibly go back to the scenes of our childhood, and we may expect to find in them all that we found in them then, but surely we shall find that they seem to have shrunk, somehow—that they don't look the same. Perhaps we'll find that it isn't just old and familiar scenes so much as childhood itself we are looking for—and that, I'm afraid, we can't have. Not now! We can't go back—not even to find out if that's what we want. And really I think we wouldn't want to. But perhaps there is something we'd like to make right back there—something we wouldn't have done if we had known what we know now. But we can't go back—not even for that. And it's just as well. The things back there belong back there. We can't go back any more than the world we live in can go back. No matter what doors regretfully are closed behind, no matter what past we have been reaching for, our efforts had better turn about to face the future—and to begin to work it out today and tomorrow. Call it repentance if you want to; give it any name you please—but the best thing we can do is to make sure we are traveling in the right direction, beginning now. There is nothing back there for anyone, but there are limitless, eternal possibilities ahead, now and forevermore. But you can't go back—don't try to.

—October 17, 1948.

Revised

Copyright 1945

The Power of Moral Force *

WE hear much in the affairs of men of the use of moral force. It is a force to be reckoned with now, as it always has been. It is one of the few weapons that do not become obsolete. It is the first and last line of defense. Without it men lose heart and give up. With it they often hold out against great odds. There is something about the nature

of man that makes it necessary for him to justify himself—to want to seem to be right both in his own eyes and in the eyes of others—before he can effectively sustain his position. This is one reason why people in positions of power so frequently take the trouble to explain themselves, even when they don't have to. This is one reason why even dictators often make at least a gesture at justifying their actions when they ruthlessly violate the rights of others, or when they disregard the integrity of territories. Everyone in some degree feels the weight of moral force—even an absolute autocrat, no matter how completely he controls the material and physical elements about him. He may make men go through the motions of loyalty. He may force them to labor long for his cause and to come to him for bread, and to become dependent upon him for all of the physical needs of life—but he can't prevent a man from thinking against him, from praying against him, and contributing with moral force to his ultimate undoing. It is no small thing to face ten people whose wills are set against you, even if you have no physical harm to fear from them. And it is cumulatively more terrifying to face a hundred. And then think what it must be like to contemplate that there may be a million or a hundred million or many hundred millions who are thinking and praying and hoping against you; to know that you stand convicted in the eyes of man and God. It is no imaginary thing—this power of moral force. It is a power that overrides in its own time and in its own way all of the barriers set up against it, and all of those who disregard it. It is a power so real that no wise man reckons without it, and no foolish man can for long.

Revised

—October 24, 1948.

Copyright 1942



Dangerous Differences

WHEN someone sets out to deceive someone else, he is more likely to be successful if he deceives with similarities rather than with obvious differences. If falsehood were not sometimes so subtly like the truth, if imitations were not sometimes so skilfully like the real thing, it wouldn't be so difficult to stamp out false philosophies and fictitious values. But the whole theory and practice and technique of deception is to play on likenesses. The swindler, for example, doesn't look like a swindler if he can help it. He tries to look like an honest man. The false money that the counterfeiter makes is not greatly different in appearance from the money the mint makes. If it were, it wouldn't be accepted. Often also the amount of poison that makes food unfit for use may be so small that most men can't tell the difference—until it is too late. If poisoned food always looked like poisoned food, we wouldn't need to worry. But the danger comes when poisoned food looks like any other food. Likewise, with some false philosophies, it is similarities that are deceptive—similarities to things that we have already accepted, but with differences that are dangerous. And often the subtle and sometimes sinister differences slip by unnoticed. Someone once said that the devil would tell a hundred truths in order to establish one lie. But no matter how great are the similarities between the true and the false, and no matter how small the differences, it isn't safe to accept a falsehood simply because it comes in the same package with a hundred truths. And so, beware of small deceptions. Beware of subtle substitutes, of things that are something like, but not just like, what we are looking for. Beware of similarities that are used to cover dangerous differences. Beware of things that seem to be almost right, but which are just a little wrong.

—October 31, 1948.

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATION-WIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

Editorials

"I Give You Man"

DURING recent years there has been a temptation to think in terms of great numbers of people, as if the important thing is to belong to a crowd all going the same way, doing the same things, and thinking in the same stereotyped fashion.

At Christmas time it is natural to turn our attention to the man for whom the day was named. And as we consider him again, quietly, concentrating on him to the exclusion of other things, we come afresh to the idea that he himself was a man who combatted many of the accepted ideas of his time. We forget, living in communities which are for the most part Christian, the great struggle that it was to make Christianity the accepted way of life. We fail to realize that Christ, a man alone, completely changed the thinking of an entire culture—making the adherents abandon the accepted concept, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," for that of "love your enemy."

Since he was divine, his teachings came with more force than would be possible for mere man. But those mortals who were fired with his teachings carried their convictions to those who had not heard his message, and their success was phenomenal because they had faith in what he said. And chief of that which he said was that the individual man is important.

This is a concept to cling to in these days when emphasis seems to be placed on mass decisions, mass judgment, mass action. The lone voice crying in the wilderness may often be vindicated by future generations. The important factor, then, is to learn whether we are right or not and, having decided the rightness of our course, never to deviate from it, no matter how great the pressure to do otherwise.

New Year's is the traditional time for stock-taking, but it is at Christmas time that we re-evaluate our way of life and try to set it in harmony with the teachings of Christ. During the year following we sometimes forget our avowed intentions of trying to live to these ideals or we become

pessimistic and say, "What's the use? Nobody else tries to live to them." We forget the very philosophy behind Christ's teachings: that the individual man is important and can change the attitude of an entire community, provided he lives to his beliefs and indicates how they have helped build his life more happily.

The toast I would give you at Christmas time then is this: Man, created but little lower than the angels, has the power to use his God-given talents to benefit himself and his associates.—M. C. J.

The Purchase Price of Peace

NEARLY two millenniums ago, shepherds, abiding with their flocks by night, heard an angel, and a "multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." (Luke 2:13-14.) Even then peace was an old desire among men. The first man, created in the image of God, probably had that desire foremost in his heart.

Since the angelic host proclaimed it to the shepherds, wise men, vain men, humble men, men in all walks of life have been striving for it, with varying degrees of success, depending on the application of principles. And certainly the one desire of men this Christmas time of 1948 is that peace may continue and world relations improve.

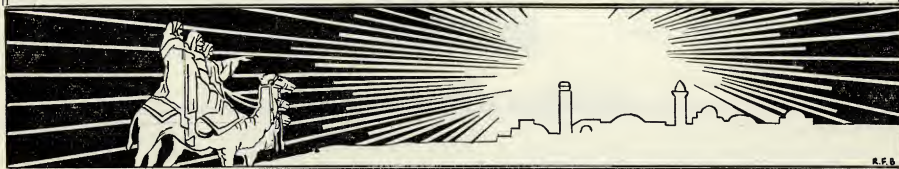
"Peace on earth, good will toward men," is a good catch phrase adapted from scripture. But we oftentimes forget what comes before it: "Glory to God in the highest." That complete verse is the purchase price of peace.

And when we receive the blessing of peace, it must be shared, for he who receives and shares is twice blessed.

For nearly two millenniums, since the angel chorus proclaimed it, men have been striving for peace. When will it be obtained? The spirit in men's hearts during the Christmas season, if multiplied fifty fold, will bring about the long-sought-for peace on earth. May the spirit of peace soon extend from Christmas season to Christmas season.—A. L. Z., Jr.

M.I.A. Theme "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." 1948-49

Exodus 20:8



R.F.B.

Evidences and Reconciliations

cxix *What Were the Sources of Joseph Smith's Greatness?*

GREATNESS is a product of many causes. It is like the mighty flowing river, fed and made possible by thousands of mountain rivulets. Even so, with Joseph Smith. The reflection from innumerable facets of his character make up the picture of his greatness. That he was great, measured against the men of his and earlier days, has become the verdict of the passing years in the mouths of all honest students of the Prophet's life.

Four of the qualities that made him great, human but never wavering, appear in his every act. They are, as it were, the cornerstones of his character: 1. He had unchanging faith and trust in God. 2. He was in love with truth. 3. He was humble. 4. He loved his fellow men. These qualities always lead to real greatness. Without them there is no true greatness.

Doubt did not belong to Joseph Smith's nature. His faith in God, his existence, reality, and relationship to man was superb. He took God at his word, as in the First Vision; and throughout life he took counsel with the Almighty, and did not try to act alone upon his own judgment. The striving of his life was to grow towards God's likeness.

"If you wish to go where God is, you must be like God, or possess the principles which God possesses, for if we are not drawing towards God in principle, we are going from him and drawing towards the devil. . . .

"Search your hearts, and see if you are like God. I have searched mine, and feel to repent of all my sins."¹

Truth was the beginning of his search and the end of his inmost desire. It was the measuring stick of his conduct and teaching. His story really begins with his petition for truth, which led to the first vision. The concluding, sober paragraph of that recital, is the foundation of his life's achievements:

I had now got my mind satisfied so far as the sectarian world was concerned, that it was not my duty to join with any of them, but to continue as I was until further directed. I had found the testimony of James to be true, that a man who lacked wisdom might ask of God, and obtain, and not be upbraided.²

A jubilant note is sounded in his reply upon his return from the divine interview, to his mother's solicitous concern:

Never mind, all is well—I am well enough off. . . . I have learned for myself that Presbyterianism is not true.³

¹History of the Church, 4:588

²Ibid., 1:8

³Ibid. 6

In the midst of the Nauvoo tribulations of the Church, James Arlington Bennett proposed himself to be the Prophet's right-hand man, and to give the necessary help in those strenuous days. Courteously, the offer was declined, and in ringing words, like blows upon an anvil, he declared his certain dependence upon truth:

I combat the error of ages; I meet the violence of mobs; I cope with illegal proceedings from executive authority; I cut the gordian knot of powers, and I solve mathematical problems of universities, with truth—diamond truth; and God is my "right hand man."⁴

The possession of truth made him fearless, with a lion-like courage. When the people of Palmyra, and vicinity, during the printing of the Book of Mormon, held a mass meeting and passed a resolution against his venture, his only reply was to guard the manuscript of the book more carefully.⁵

There was no disloyalty to truth, no retreat from it. He could not exchange truth for popular approval. So, he not only published the Book of Mormon, but also organized a Church that challenged the popular errors and superstitions of the centuries.

Facing the terrors of Nauvoo, he wrote to the commander of the Legion: "Let every man's brow be as the face of a lion; let his breast be as unshaken as the mighty oak."⁶

To remove untruth from its pedestal is an unhonored task. The Prophet and his companions, during the Missouri persecutions, were sentenced to be shot. Joseph inquired why they were "thus treated"; and added that he "was not aware of having done anything worthy of such treatment." General Wilson's answer echoed the eternal hate of untruth for truth: "I know it, and that is the reason why I want to kill you, or have you killed."⁷

Such hate punctuated the life of the Prophet; but all the while truth nestled in his bosom, and gave him courage.

Joseph Smith, the Prophet, was a humble man. He recognized that he was only an instrument in God's hands. He took no glory to himself. In a meeting with Saints who had just arrived in Nauvoo he spoke noble words:

I told them I was but a man, and they must not expect me to be perfect; if they expected perfection from me, I should expect it from them; but if they would bear with my infirmities and the infirmities of the brethren, I would likewise bear with their infirmities.⁸

On one occasion he characterized himself:

I am like a huge, rough stone rolling down from a high mountain; and the only polishing I get is when some corner gets rubbed off by coming in contact with something else, striking with accelerated force against religious bigotry,

⁴History of the Church, 6:78

⁵Ibid., 1:76

⁶Ibid., 5:94

⁷Ibid., 3:190-191

⁸Ibid., 5:181

(Continued on page 824)

Winter Quarter

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CHRISTMAS GOES MODERN

By Arthur Stanley Riggs

JUST a scant quarter of a century after the Pilgrims landed on the shores of Massachusetts, the English Puritans held a solemn conclave, decided that the merry festival of Christmas was sinful, and by act of Parliament forbade everyone to celebrate the day of the Lord's birth and the beginnings of good will on earth, except by fasting, prayer, and meditation upon the wickedness of humanity.

The Puritans, of course, had a reason for their action. For centuries before Christianity had been heard of, the Angli celebrated the advent of their new year on December 25. They called it "mothers' night," as the "father of

English learning," the seventh-century monk generally known as the Venerable Bede, tells us. But who the "mothers" were and what the ceremonies were that made the festival so important, we do not know. Tradition has it that the Druids were masters of the observances, and that all their festivities and rituals were intimately connected with nature.

The American Christmas, so different in most respects from the celebration in other lands, is a comparatively recent invention—new country, new people, new observances; and all subject to constant change. Since we have no such deeply rooted traditions as older nations cherish, we shall probably go on changing Christmas, as we change everything else, and never be quite sure we are entirely satis-

fied with a festival too good and too complete to be changed again.

Anyway, the celebration has become one of those heart-warming jamborees for the family and all its friends from far and near. The spirit of good will that makes it so joyous incubates like a chick for a long time before it hatches out in the flurry and delighted laughter and squeals of satisfaction when the gaily wrapped gifts are pounced upon, ribbons and tissue and decorative labels

strewn the floor, and the living room looks like the shipping department of a big store late on Christmas Eve. Knee-deep in scraps!



OF COURSE there is the tree, with

its highly colored glass ornaments, its Santas and angels, reindeer and scotties, dolls, and tinsel ropes and electric lights. Thank goodness and the American urge for change, the old, dangerous, wax-dripping candles that always threatened to set tree and house on fire, are as obsolete as last winter's snow. But there is still room for change. There probably always will be. One novelty very few have ever heard of graced a recent Christmas for me with a humor and a modernness that showed how a quarter's worth of colored chalk or wax crayons, a bit of ingenuity, and the good old American love of poking fun at everybody can breathe a completely new spirit into the Yuletide festivities, and bring admiring children in from the entire neighborhood to see this strange addition to

the festival they thought they knew all about. Wherever it has been tried, it has been a literal howling success. In fact, the more ridiculous it is the better, and the more it moves to spontaneous laughter.

It is so simple to work this minor wonder it is astonishing nobody seems to have thought of it until a year or two ago, when a school-teacher in Maryland, by no means overpaid, but eager to make Christmas in the home where she boarded a triumphant occasion, did some thinking. Next thing anyone knew, all the heavy kraft-paper bags in which the family groceries came home, vanished. The teacher was seen to have curious colored stains on her fingers as she dashed in to meals, and immediately afterwards secluded herself in her room. The whole family wondered also why she was observed so often studying the looks of the various members, and why, once, there was paste on one of her eyebrows.

AT LAST the tree was brought in, set up, decorated carefully, and the mantel was covered with pine and holly. Timidly the teacher suggested that the tree was so beautiful she thought it would really be a good idea if the gifts were placed in piles before the fireplace instead of under the tree. The usual arguments followed; in the end the gifts were neatly piled before the fireplace instead of under the tree. Next morning, there being no "own" children in the household, nobody got up early, but when the first riser came down hunting breakfast, and glanced into the living room with a sort of bored tolerance for childish foolishness, there was the surprise. And what a surprise!

Behind each mound of gifts stood a paper caricature of the recipient about three feet high, highly colored, absurd as only such amateur creations could be. The effect was astonishing. Before the beholder could shout with laughter, the front door opened, and the six-year-old from the next house burst in with a joyous whoop. He had come to wish "Granny" and everybody else a Merry Christmas and to display his gifts. Half-way across the room he saw the figures. He stopped short. His eyes bulged; his little fat hands clenched tight. Then he let out a yell—and another—and another!

(Concluded on page 819)

**"When you come back,
be sure that bag's full of
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP"**



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Born to a place in the sun

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Josephine B. Nichols

HERE'S to a joyous holiday week with its homey foods, spiced with old-time flavors, lovingly prepared and served with old-fashioned hospitality.

GLAZED BAKED HAM

Paste for Glazed Baked Ham

- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons dry mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 cup vinegar or unsweetened pineapple juice
- whole cloves

Combine all ingredients into paste except cloves.

Place whole or half ham, fat side up, on rack in large shallow pan. Cover with paste. Stud with whole cloves one and one-fourth inches apart. Bake in slow oven (300°) allowing fifteen to twenty minutes to the pound for large hams, twenty-five to thirty minutes per pound for small hams. Garnish with pickled watermelon and broiled peach halves, fill cavity with currant jelly. Serve with candied sweet potatoes and broccoli with cheese sauce.

CHRISTMAS SALAD

Cranberry Stars on Pineapple Slices

Arrange lettuce leaves on salad plates, put a pineapple slice on each leaf. Spread top of pineapple with cottage cheese dressing, made by heating one-half cup salad dressing into one cup fresh cottage cheese. Cut stars from canned cranberry slices, place on top of cheese mixture. Top with half walnuts.

French Bread

- 2 cups lukewarm water
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 yeast cake dissolved in 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 6 1/2 cups enriched flour

Place lukewarm water, salt, and dissolved yeast in large mixing bowl. Stir in flour, turn out on well-floured board. Knead dough, work in as much flour as dough will take up. Dough should be kneaded until firm and elastic. Cover with damp cloth. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk; punch down, and let rise again. Divide into four parts, pull and roll each ball of dough in a long, narrow loaf. Place loaves on greased or floured pans or cookie sheet, gash tops of loaves diagonally every two inches, one-eighth inch deep. Brush top with white of egg, blended with a tablespoon of water. Cover, let rise until doubled in size. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°) forty to forty-five minutes. Again glaze with egg. Cool.

Little Plum Puddings

- 1/2 cup finely chopped suet
- 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1 1/4 cups flour

- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cherries
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup citron

Combine suet, syrup, and milk. Add sifted dry ingredients, mixed with fruit. Mix thoroughly. Fill well greased tiny sized cans or custard cups two-thirds full. Cover. Steam three hours. Serve with lemon or hard sauce stars. Serves twelve.

Hard Sauce Stars

Cream one cup margarine with one teaspoon vanilla and four cups confectioners' sugar. Spread one-half inch layer in shallow waxed-paper lined pan. Chill firm. Lift out the layer of hard sauce. Dip the star cutter in a bowl of hot water before stamping out each star. Center these twinklers with red cinnamon candies, or little red candles, light just before serving.

Nuts—Spiced and Sugared

- 1 cup sugar
- 5 tablespoons water
- 1 tablespoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups walnut or pecan halves

Bring to a boil the sugar, water, cinnamon, and vanilla. Add nuts, let boil one minute. Remove from heat; pour into greased pan. When cold, separate nuts.

Coconut Macaroons

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
- 1 pound shredded coconut
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix sweetened condensed milk and coconut. Add vanilla. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) fifteen minutes or until delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes sixty.

Surprise Popcorn Balls

- 5 quarts popped corn
- 2 cups sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt

Mix sugar and water and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add syrup and salt. Cook to hard ball stage; add flavoring, and coloring if desired. Pour over popped corn and mix. Mold popcorn around small surprises, such as gum drop, small whistle, thimble, toy airplane, pencil sharpener, or any small item.

Coconut Balls

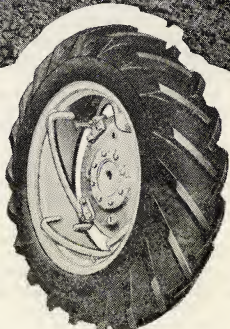
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine
- 4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup top milk or light cream
- 1 cup fresh shredded coconut

Melt butter. Add sifted sugar alternate-ly with milk and vanilla. Stir well. Sprinkle bread board with small amount of confectioners' sugar. Turn fondant out on sugared board. Knead until smooth and glossy. Form in small balls and roll in coconut. (Makes about 2 dozen balls.)



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Priesthood and Temple Ordinance Work

THERE are usually many worthy quorum members who seldom, if ever, go to the temple. During the winter months a project to encourage members to do temple work could very consistently be launched by the quorum activity and Church service committee.

Perhaps no service in the Church more effectively promotes spirituality and devotion to gospel requirements than the ordinance work performed in the house of the Lord. Participants are reminded of the solemn obligations resting upon them and of the sacred covenants which they have made as members of the Church.

It would be well for each quorum to commence such a project without delay. The stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee should lend every encouragement. This is especially true in the areas where temples are located. Such an effort would most certainly exert an influence for good on many who may have become somewhat indifferent to priesthood responsibilities. Interest in genealogical work would result in many cases through the temple ordinance work. The genealogical committees in the stakes and wards would welcome an opportunity to cooperate with the quorums in such a priesthood endeavor.

Melchizedek

Avoid Controversial Subjects

THERE is a tendency among members of the Church to bring up questions in classes that are of a highly controversial nature, and sometimes this leads to heated discussions that accomplish nothing and sometimes foster ill will. Occasionally members become so firmly imbedded in certain unimportant matters that their vision of the gospel is seriously curtailed. The basic principles and the divinity of this work are sometimes dwarfed in the minds of people and irrelevant issues assume major proportions of importance.

Inasmuch as the Prophet Joseph Smith stressed that "seeking after our dead is our greatest responsibility," this vitally important phase of priesthood activity should be given every encouragement and impetus. Greater devotion to the teachings of the Master will surely result, and with increased devotion, the priesthood will become more effective in promoting the work required at the hands of those living in the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

It should be kept in mind by all class leaders that the four standard works of the Church are the basis of our theology. A careful examination of the teachings of our modern day prophets, when all factors are understood, reveal the marvelous unity of thought and doctrine and show their complete harmony with the revealed word of the Lord as embodied in the four standard works. This is a Church based upon continuous revelation with living prophets who speak as the Lord's mouthpiece upon the earth. To belittle or disregard the flood of light given to Church members upon Church doctrine and practice through the living oracles of God would be, in a sense, a repudiation of the divine principle of continuous revelation and relegate this Church to a condition which has prevailed among Christendom in general—where all that has been deemed necessary has been revealed in the past and is contained in the bound volumes of scripture.

When ideas and thinking are not in accord with the standard works of the Church, we may be assured that these

Confidential Annual Reports

When making this survey, avoid recording any information, except in this report, which will identify any member with the answers made. This is a confidential report and the statements of members should be held in the strictest confidence. The practice of sending questionnaires in any form to obtain this information is not approved.

The information gained through these reports is invaluable. Recently stake presidencies were furnished with comparative charts covering a three-year period based on the information contained in these reports. The trends shown were quite revealing and in many cases quite unexpected. Some stakes showed steady improvement while some showed rather glaring deficiencies. Without the information from these annual reports many of these conditions would have continued unnoticed. When true situations are known and understood—be they favorable or unfavorable—definite steps may be taken for continued improvement or rectifying undesirable conditions.

All confidential annual reports should be completed not later than December

31, so they may be placed in the hands of the stake presidency for compilation. The compiled report is to be submitted to the general priesthood committee by January 15, 1949.

The responsibility for obtaining the report from each quorum rests with the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee, whose duty it is to obtain and audit reports, enter them on the stake summary and mail the stake summary to the general priesthood committee as soon as possible after December 31, and before January 15. We urge these committees to begin early in checking with quorums to insure their prompt completion of reports.

Just one further word of caution. It is not the duty or responsibility of the quorum secretary to make out these reports. That responsibility rests with the quorum presidency, and care should be exercised in seeing to it that this responsibility is not placed upon the secretary by a careless or indifferent quorum presidency. It is essential that the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee follow through on this matter carefully to insure the maximum accuracy and promptness.

LESS than thirty days remain to complete the personal interviews of quorum members required by the Confidential Annual Report. These interviews are to be made by members of the presidency of each quorum of high priests, seventy, and elders. Neither quorum secretaries nor group leaders are to be asked to assist quorum presidencies in conducting these interviews. So, unless the majority of interviews have been completed—as suggested frequently throughout the year—the remaining time will barely be sufficient for most quorums, even if every available evening is used.

It is requested that quorum presidents and counselors go individually when interviewing quorum members, not as a presidency. Confidential matters may be more freely discussed when only one quorum officer and a member are present. Care should be exercised to avoid any embarrassment to the member. The interview should not be conducted while he is in the presence of the members of his family. There is no need to ask questions the answers to which are already known to you.

Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—HAROLD B. LEE, CHAIRMAN; EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MC KAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RICHARD L. EVANS, OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, S. DILWORTH YOUNG, MILTON R. HUNTER, BRUCE R. MC CONKIE

are entirely in the realm of speculation and personal interpretation. But all truth uttered by our living prophets as they are moved upon by the Holy Ghost is profitable and enlightening as well as binding upon the children of men. Such utterances will be found to be fully in accord with all that has been previously revealed.

Class instructors must ever be alert to differentiating between definitely revealed truths and opinions and theories. An acquaintance with the standard works of the Church is essential to effective and factual teaching.

Jobs for All

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS may perform an invaluable service. One of their functions is that of keeping an up-to-date list on all members pertaining to their qualifications for rendering Church service. Every member in the quorums should be given an opportunity in one way or another to participate in Church service.

Quorum presidencies are urged to keep bishops and stake presidencies informed of the qualifications possessed by their quorum members. They should be energetic in promoting activities and responsibilities for their associates, arranging for them to perform ceremonies, do ward teaching, engage in stake missionary work, or assist in the auxiliaries. The opportunities for service in the Church are unlimited, yet all too often little effort is made to provide responsibilities and activities for many capable brethren. Inasmuch as quorums are charged with the responsibility of assembling such information, every effort should be made to put it to practical use. Activity promotes growth. Growth is essential to continued vitality and progress.

An opportunity to speak in meetings or to otherwise appear on programs will often revive indifferent and inactive members. An alert quorum presidency is in a position to stimulate interest in doing something in the wide field of Church service. Men with special gifts and talents should be recognized and encouraged to assume some responsibility. Activity will create love and good fellowship and will

open the door to service in God's kingdom. Men grow through such service. They come to appreciate the spirit and power of the priesthood which they hold.

Although the Lord has admonished that:

... men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness, (D. & C. 58:27)

this does not obviate the good which may be accomplished by an alert quorum presidency willing and anxious to promote ways and means of increasing the potential Church service rendered by quorum members.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Whiskey Expenditures Move Up
ACCORDING to the *Clipsheet* (August 2, 1948):

... the Department of the Treasury has released information that expenditures for whiskey have risen more than the income level since 1939.

Of every \$100 left to consumers after taxes, \$3.50 was spent on whiskey in 1946, compared with \$2.20 in 1939.

Expenditures for all alcoholic beverages in 1946, topped \$9,600,000,000—an all-time high.

The enormous size of the liquor bill is not the significant thing. The fact of profound significance is that these expenditures are going up, up, up.

For many years, expenditures on intoxicants have been increasing; drunkenness has been increasing; addiction has been increasing; drink-caused crime has been increasing. All of the evil consequences of drinking liquor have increased, are increasing, and there is every prospect that they will continue to increase under present policies of government. The influence of the liquor trade was never greater in political affairs in the federal, state, and local areas.

When will this drunkard's progress be checked—and how? At the present rate of increase, it will, in the comparatively near future, present an intolerable situa-

tion. When that time comes, something will have to be done.

Would it not be better to make use of constructive measures now?

Remember the fundamentals:

1. The consumption of liquor is in proportion to the facilities for the manufacture, distribution, and promotion of alcoholic beverages.

2. All of the problems arising out of the consumption of liquor are in direct proportion to the amount consumed.

In the meantime efforts are being made under the leadership of the National Committee on Alcoholism in co-operation with other agencies to create widespread sympathy for the alcoholic and to get agencies set up to take care of him while he is in process of recovery. (Alcoholics Anonymous, a private agency that functions without any expense to the alcoholic or the public, has a remarkable record of "cures" of more than eighty percent.) Alcoholism, it is declared, is a grave public health problem; for alcoholism is a disease and therefore should receive public attention as do other diseases—tuberculosis, cancer, etc.

In all these efforts and propaganda the distillers are seemingly in hearty accord. Drunkenness gives a "black eye" to their business. But as this column has said before, the disease of alcoholism differs essentially from other types of diseases in that everybody knows a certain, positive preventive—never take a first drink. What would we, including the doctors and specialists, not give for such an easy, inexpensive preventive of cancer! Yes, total abstinence costs nothing; but its value is very great, for it delivers us from every danger that arises from the drinking of alcoholic beverages. How wonderful it would be if drinking of these beverages were nonexistent. And how sad it is that many of us are so foolish as to run the risk of the "first glass."

Statistics show that about one of every sixteen who begins to drink, ends by becoming an alcoholic. This is a high mortality—six percent. But even if alcoholism does not result, many other ills may befall us. It is reported that the National Safety Council finds that approximately one fatal highway accident in four is caused by drinking—not by the alcoholic, but by the fellow who has taken only "a drink or two." The eminent authority, Dr. Haven Emerson, wrote that:

... alcohol is the best salesman and procurer known and is a constant and essential stock in trade for the promotion of prostitution.

As is well known, alcohol drinking is associated with most crimes.

Yet notwithstanding the fact that the
(Concluded on page 832)



The Presiding

Phoenix, Maricopa, Mesa Stakes

REPORTING A TRI-STAKE WARD TEACHING CONVENTION

THE Phoenix Stake presidency were determined to do something to stimulate ward teaching. They counseled with their stake committee and decided upon a ward teaching convention.

President R. Melvin Johnson of the stake presidency and Dix Price of the high council headed the stake committee responsible for the program. Maricopa and Mesa stakes were invited to make the project a tri-stake convention.

A special meeting was held on Saturday night, October 30, and seventy members of the stake and ward committees assembled to be instructed in the administration of the program. During this meeting, a ward-teaching slogan developed which was used throughout the convention and which may well be emphasized throughout the Church—"More teaching, less visiting."

Sunday afternoon, 425 ward teachers from both the Melchizedek and Aaronic Priesthoods of the three stakes, gathered for the convention. Highlights of the program were:

Keynote remarks: President R. Mel-

vin Johnson.

Address—"What Ward Teaching Means to the Stake and Ward": Delbert L. Stapley, president of the Phoenix Stake.

Demonstration of Ward Teaching: Arthur Scherman and Eugene Kregg, ward teachers: the Rockford Riggs family of eight members.

Panel discussion—Ward Teaching Problems—(questions from the floor). Panel members: Dix Price, moderator; Lee A. Palmer, representing the Presiding Bishopric; President R. Melvin Johnson, Phoenix Stake presidency; President L. Harold Wright, Maricopa Stake; President Lucian M. Mecham, Mesa Stake; Bishop George F. Price, Phoenix Second Ward.

Convention address: Elder Lee A. Palmer.

The expressed feeling of those in attendance was strong evidence that the convention had placed before them the high ideals and standards of ward teaching in such a convincing manner as to send them forth as teachers with a genuine appreciation of the sacred and far-reaching responsibilities of their high callings.

Bishops

How Many Make a Chorus

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY describes a chorus as being a number of persons singing together. An exact number is not given. It would appear, therefore, that two or more persons singing together could be classified as a chorus. In the accepted interpretation of "chorus" we understand it to be five or more persons.

Some of our Aaronic Priesthood chorus directors lean to the idea that

a boys' chorus must have not fewer than fifteen or twenty singers. This is an erroneous idea, and if the wards, especially small wards, were to be governed by it, many boys would be deprived of the opportunity of being trained to sing together.

It would seem that the plea that "there are not sufficient boys in the ward to make a chorus" is a misstatement, made probably because of lack of understanding as to the number necessary for chorus organization and an underestimate of the singing ability of one or more boys.

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

JANUARY 1949

IT is suggested that the lesson period of the Ward Youth Leadership meeting for January be devoted to a careful analysis of the changes in the award programs for the Aaronic Priesthood and for the L.D.S. girls beginning January 1, 1949. This provides a splendid opportunity for bishops to acquaint their youth leaders with the new requirements at the very beginning of the year's work.

The changes in the award requirements for the Aaronic Priesthood were published in THE IMPROVEMENT ERA for November and in the Church News for November 3.

The changes affecting the awards for L.D.S. girls are published in the current issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and were published in the Church News for November 10.

Aaronic Priesthood

Preparations for 1949

IN THE IMPROVEMENT ERA for November 1948, and in the Church News for November 3, 1948, we published the changes in the requirements of Standard Quorum Award and in the Individual Certificate of Award which are to become effective January 1, 1949.

We urge immediate study of the information referred to. Stake committees should make these changes the subject for consideration during the December meeting with ward leaders.

A CHALLENGING RECORD

Fifty-two percent of the fifty-two L.D.S. girls in the Wellsville First Ward, Hyrum Stake, qualified for the Individual Certificate of Award for 1947. Each of the three age groups qualified for the Standard Group Award.



Bishoprie's Page

Edited by Lee A. Palmer

L.D.S. Girls

CHANGES IN AWARD REQUIREMENTS FOR 1949

PRESIDING BISHOP LEGRAND RICHARDS announced, before the bishops of the Church October 1, 1948, the requirements for the Standard Group Award for Latter-day Saint girls to become effective January 1, 1949. The requirements are as follows:

Requirements for the Standard Group Award

1. Have an average attendance record at sacrament meeting of thirty-five percent or more during the year.
2. Have an average attendance record at Sunday School of fifty percent or more during the year.
3. Have an average attendance record at Y.W.M.I.A. of fifty percent or more during the year, excluding the months of the summer program. Girls who become twelve years of age between January 1 and August 31 are not eligible to enter M.I.A. until the September following their birthdate. During that period, their failing to attend shall not be counted against the group record in M.I.A. activities.
4. Have eighty-five percent or more members observe the Word of Wisdom.
5. Have fifty percent or more members participate in a Church welfare project.
6. Have fifty percent or more members achieve an Individual Certificate of Award.

Please note that the requirements changed are as follows.

Requirement number one raises the minimum required attendance at sacrament meeting from twenty-five percent to thirty-five percent.

Requirement number four in the old program has been eliminated since requirement number six in the new program takes care of the tithing requirement.

Requirement number six makes it necessary that fifty percent or more members of the group qualify for the Individual Certificate of Award.

It should be especially noted that, beginning January 1, 1949, there are to be no deductions for those living away from home for any reason regardless of the duration of absence. All records and percentages are to be based on total enrolment.

There are no changes in the require-

ments of the Individual Certificate of Award.

It should be noted, however, that graduation from Primary will be accepted in lieu of the requirements of the individual award up to the time of graduation. Requirements are to be met on a pro rata basis from the time of graduation to the end of the year. Girls who do not graduate from Primary will not be eligible for the Individual Certificate of Award except on the basis of a twelve-months' record.

The above changes do not apply to the current year 1948.

New Aaronic Priesthood Handbook

A REVISED EDITION of the *Aaronic Priesthood Handbook* is now available at the Presiding Bishop's Office. The new handbook contains all of the changes in the program to become effective January 1, 1949.

Stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood leaders should each have a copy of the new edition.

Please note that the present handbook now in use remains as your guide for the remainder of 1948.

As in the past, the new handbook is furnished without charge.

A CHALLENGING QUORUM SERVICE PROJECT



FOURTH WARD TEACHERS' QUORUM, MARICOPA STAKE, TO RAISE \$1000 FOR WARD BUILDING FUND

ELEVEN members of the teachers' quorum, Fourth Ward, Maricopa Stake, have undertaken to raise \$1000 in cash as their quorum's contribution to the ward building fund, or nearly \$100 for each quorum member. Here is their plan as they have worked it out under the direction of their quorum adviser, Lehi Palmer, with the approval of the bishopric.

The quorum purchased nine calves for forty-five dollars last spring. The bishopric turned over to the boys three acres of ward-owned ground which they immediately prepared and planted to barley and oats for green pasture

and hay. The crop was irrigated by the boys—even to crawling out of bed at all hours of the night to take the water. The hay was harvested before and after school.

As of August, the calves had grown to a cash value of \$800—their value of \$1000 within easy reach.

In addition to their quorum adviser, the boys have the backing and leadership of Paul Wade, first counselor to Bishop Frederick G. Johnson.

Our admiration and our congratulations are extended to these fine young men and their leaders in this worthy example of thrift, unity, and devotion.

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME
SEPTEMBER 13, AND DEPARTING
SEPTEMBER 22, 1948

Reading from left to right, first row: Robert W. Laird, Con Borgholthaus, Wendell Glen Waite, Norman Edgar Wright, Douglas F. Day, Robert T. Dwyett, E. Franklin Heiser, Lea G. Ashby, Richard E. Unander, John E. Mackay, Melvin K. Stephens, Ralph J. Lovell, Paul Freestone Warner, Francis L. Anderson.

Second row: Alma P. Clark, Lucy G. Bloomfield, George R. Bloomfield, Marlowe T. Denham, Wayne B. Brimhall, Eugene G. Clayton, Harold W. Breitling, Ruth Marie Waugh, Rex Owen Wright, Olaf A. P. Miller, Carol S. Glove, Harriet Brewer, Dorothy Jane Christoffersen, Yvonne B. Griffin, Lorraine Nichols.

Third row: Lavinia C. Clark, Alaire Lewis, Anna Johnson, Dona Faye Clark, Alelia Rasmussen, Marisel Davies, Virginia Hawkes, Grant R. Knowlton, George R. Atkinson, Sterling J. Waite, L. Dale Neff, Sydney C. James, Clyde Olson, Ralph D. Barney, Joseph Moody, Harold Fewkes, Fred T. Pace.

Fourth row: Jena Brown, Valen C. Brown, Sylvia L. Moss, Orpha Stokes, Geraldine Paxton, Mar Jean A. Bollif, Maxine Lamprecht, Josephine Parkins, Alton W. Hunt, Mitchell W. Hunt, Harold Crawley, Vay B. Morris, Ivin James Miller, Carl W. Thorstensen, C. Allen Halverson, James R. Robertson.

Fifth row: Geraldine Clark, Mary Lou Brinkerhoff, Beulah L. Widsteen, Leah R. Plewe, Norma Jean Packard, Rhon Thayne Miller, Matilda Huber, Edna B. Patterson, Ellen Wright, Sarah May Coombs, N. Carmen Westover, Nord Westover, Martin Ethington,

September Missionaries

Jr., Charles T. Mills, Paul H. Tingey, Kent E. Bunker, Lee Reed Beckstead.

Sixth row: Lorenzo Fay Findley, Ruby Shippen, Helena Della Mc Murray, Owen Watson, Helen Nelson, Beverly Bell, Elwood Holt Bowler, Nolan Kay Packham, Gordon Condie, David Gledhill, Mabel Ann Curtis, Adria R. Porter, Jennie S. Gilbert, Elmer Hall, Martha Jean Blunk, Henry C. Blunk, Sherman B. Sheffield, William D. Crawford, Ken Newman.

Seventh row: Leland Weaver, Lynn F. Cooper, A. George Pollard, Richard G. Hiett, Dan E. Nelson, Jessop Clair Theurer, Melvin E. Mecham, T. Lynn Stewart, Douglas S. Stewart, Boyd C. Rollins, Gerald L. Hess, Richard L. Dalley, Karl S. Farnsworth, Le Gene B. Hutchings, Russel F. Hunt, Todd C. Cummings, Richard Goddard, Warren Spencer, George R. Runyon.

Eighth row: Joseph Hafen, Jr., Glen R. Baker, Howard E. Hollingsworth, Nephi M. Nielson, William Mack Hardy, Lewis J. Winter, Donald A. Fife, Roland Wheelright, Erastus M. Andersen, Vincent A. Wood, Ross David Olson, George Ellis Jepsen, Albert Eugene Lyons, Wayne Lloyd Park, Lowell P. Christensen, Harold W. Westover, Cyril Reed Lunk, Jr., Virgil Leavitt.

Ninth row: Carl F. Day, Jacklin E. Tracy, Hal A. Hales, Roger L. Olsen, Milton A. Smith, Udell E. Poulsen, Stephen L. Jensen, Melvin J. Chugg,

Roland J. Rhee, Milton R. Sherwood, Vance Whipple, Robert E. Brock, Leonard K. Waite, Robert Joseph Southwick, Sidney S. Gilbert, Howard G. Hall, James R. Dixon, Don J. Smith.

Tenth row: Reginald L. Call, Arlin R. Hansen, Clarence L. Sirrine, Charles Arnold Baker, Jean H. Waite, Rulan H. Cook, Herman G. Rhoton, James T. Blazard, Ross T. Pype, Arthur Doms, Clarence Leon Ashby, Don Gundry, J. Keith Grow.

Eleventh row: John A. Shelton, William A. Richardson, James L. Barber, Harold W. Lee, Paul A. Trotter, John D. Wall, Hardy Bean, Brice L. Milne, Sherwin H. Baer, Elmer George, Karl C. Boss, Vernon Christensen, Melvin M. Fillard, Oscar Monroe Seamons, Ivan E. Cornia, J. E. Goodman, Jr.

Twelfth row: Paul Crandall, Orlin D. Allen, Dal Wells, Nathan R. Plumb, Donald R. Kirkham, Barlow F. Christensen, Hubert Cook, Darrel H. Josie, Victor W. Elliott, Charles R. Averett, Harry L. Ashcroft, James N. Conis, George Alton James, Don Jay Pocock.

Thirteenth row: Allan Brooks, Alex J. Mares, Keith G. Pederson, David C. Bishop, Dumayne Gilson, Henry E. Draper, Thomas K. Wakefield, Kederick Heywood, Harold A. Dow, Wayne Chandler, L. Robert Anderson, Lowell G. Tensmeyer, Burt J. Tensmeyer, John L. Hapworth.

Fourteenth row: David Miles, Melvin Mark Richardson, Winston Joe Reese, John Bell Malcolm,



Fred Lewis Crandall, Jr., Lyle J. Loosle, Karl Hegerhorst, Don S. Larsen, David Hinkley, William E. Nichols, Gene Dalton, Wilford Denke.
Fifteenth row: Ralph G. Noel, Ben. C. Marler, Wendell W. Gardner, Elmer Heward, Leroy Peters, Floyd Hodges, Delbert E. Kresser, Grant Whitmer, Paul Barritt, Daniel F. Faust, Con Carver.
Sixteenth row: Ralph G. Brown, William Verl Casper, Don F. Corvin, Gerald Randall, George C. Scott, Gerald Beeton, Robert D. Orme, Gene C. Dayton, Keith E. Jorgensen, Dale W. Johnson, Oscar Wayne Thornock, Farlin Lamar Wood, Owen W. Sumison.

Seventeenth row: Eugene Ross Keene, Jerome Gale Wilson, Lane W. Hickman, Ralph Edward Russell, Joseph H. Young, Reid Howes, William A. Fresh, Richard D. Sagers, Kenneth P. Spencer, R. Fred Niederhauer, Bob L. Balle, Richard S. Cheever.

Eighteenth row: Douglas Reed Sorenson, Lenar Reed Robinson, Kenneth Alfred Leechy, Keith Ervin Richardson, Newell Albert Pickett, Ogden W. Krout, Alton H. Sorenson, Jr., David J. Fullmer, Rex Schotfield, Harold J. Neilson, Rodney J. Sroufe.

Nineteenth row: L. Richard Young, Arthur D. West, Bruce Nelson Curtis, David R. Campbell, James W. Garrett, G. Melvin Johnson, Marland B. Harper, Carl N. Anderson, Evan W. Hansen, Le Grant F. Shrevere, Gerald V. Snarr.

Twentieth row: Keith LeRoy Bergstrom, Dean J. Warthen, Wayne E. Ballantyne, Verl L. Haacke, Delmar B. Davies, Theodore R. Miller, Allen D. Hair, William E. Eckholdt.

Twenty-first row: Edwin Morrell, Dick Smith, James W. Eckerley, Gerald D. Hyde, Charles D.

Jenson, Richard Lambert, Donald Barney, Robert F. Hays, William K. Hinkley, Donald W. Fry, Gerald A. Eden.

Twenty-second row: John Markham, Don Christensen, Ronald L. Bangarter, Draeton Baker, Melvin Munk, Richard Faraway, Verl B. Garrett, Donald J. Pratt, Calvin M. Allred, Kimball Shelley, Dick Manson, Adam Duncan, Nicholas Smith.

Twenty-third row: Blaine B. Larsen, Robert N. Rose, Robert O. Dalton, Glen Alleman, Forrest R. Allred, Robert Wayne Wright, Arvel T. Hurst, Lynn Griffin.

Twenty-fourth row: Gene Ainscough, Blaine Hautz, Sam Whitmore, Wayne Webster, Shelley Donaldson, Stephen E. Horne, Darrel O. Dixon, Harvey A. Wilson, Jr.
Twenty-fifth row: Acel Roy Bourcier, Paul D. Payne, Calvin E. Reed, Walter L. Johnson, Keith Larson, H. Lowell Richards, Richard Glenn Scott, John Robert Thayer.

Twenty-sixth row: Kay Gee Seely, Alvin Dean Jeffs, Paul Smith Carter, Joseph William Brooks, Dee E. Willden, Clifford E. Hennis, Fred G. White.
Left Balcony: Park Baazer (right), Jay Baazer (center), Lynn Baazer (left), Stan Kimball (sitting), Wayne Benton (sitting).

Standing: (front to back) Donald Moss, Rev Hatch, Max D. Petersen, Howard B. Leatham, Richard A. Bassetti.

Center Balcony: Donald W. Robinson, James D. Caldwell, Warren Rex Brown, Roger D. Burgayne, Murray L. Nichols, Ross L. Hogan.

Right Balcony: front to rear, standing: John E. Bean, James I. Heninger, Melvin S. Tagg, James Kneil.

The Church Moves On

(Concluded from page 780)

Tabernacle Organ

G. DONALD HARRISON, president of the Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company, came to Salt Lake City in early November to direct the work of voicing and adjusting the pipes of the world-famed Salt Lake Tabernacle organ to their intended tone-color.

As he arrived, the organ had been renovated and completed structurally, and 120 of the 188 sets of pipes were in temporary operation.

Mr. Harrison, a native of England, came to the United States about thirty-five years ago. He is acclaimed by American organists as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, tonal experts. He is most eager, considering the characteristics of the Tabernacle, to make this the most colorful and beautiful organ in America.

Previous to Mr. Harrison's coming, Herbert G. Pratt, tuning specialist for the organ builders, arrived to apply his skill to the tuning of the instrument.

Indian Chapels

PLANS for the construction of seven chapels for the Indians have been announced by the Presiding Bishopric. Each chapel is to have a seating capacity of approximately eighty persons. In addition there will be a room in each chapel to be used as living quarters by missionaries.

The chapel to be located at Richfield, Utah, and one near St. George, Utah, will each be of frame construction. The other five, all on the Navajo reservation, will either be of native stone or of adobe construction. They will be located at Aneth, San Juan County, Utah; Buck's Trading Post, northeast of Gallup, New Mexico; Rama, southeast of Gallup; St. Michael's, near Window Rock, Arizona; and Howela Polacca, northwest of Crystal, Arizona.

Christmas Goes Modern

(Concluded from page 811)

The whole family in various stages of dress came running. Then everybody shouted at once. The boy's parents came in, and they shouted. Only the gray-haired teacher stood in smiling silence, but the look in her clear blue eyes told volumes.

It was a very, very Merry Christmas. News of the surprise spread fast through the village, and in the week between Christmas and New Year's, when the figures were taken down from the string across the fireplace that had held them upright, the whole town had come, had laughed, had learned something.



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Vaudois Records Microfilmed

(Concluded from page 791)

would be exchanged for a captured German colonel. Instead, at the time set for his release, he and the others were taken to Villar, where he was well-known, and all were shot and then hanged. His mother died heartbroken a few months later.

BEFORE we left, I copied the fine pedigree lent me by Mr. Jervis, to be placed in our genealogical library. We hope to keep in touch with him by correspondence.

All of us have been highly impressed with the gracious courtesy and sincere friendliness of all the pastors and their families. Everywhere they were eager to help us in our objective. In no case did they evince the slightest hesitation or objection. Once, we called upon a group of them just before the opening of a synod meeting and made appointments to call at each of the several parishes for the records. Of the twenty or more pastors we have met, we found all of them men of innate culture and refinement, unselfishly devoting themselves to their ministry among their humble flocks. They are well educated and most of them speak several languages. Pastor Geymet of Rora was greatly interested in the achievements and teachings of our Church, and asked many questions and for some of our literature. At a family wedding anniversary he requested President Barker to explain our ideals of family life.

One day, when we were out of film, Brother Black and I climbed up Mount Vandalino to the steep and abutting rock famous in Vaudois history as Casteluzzo. From its summit we looked across the great Piedmont plain, even as President Lorenzo Snow and his missionary companions had done nearly one hundred years before. It was an hour of rich reminiscence. We remembered that they had renamed this Mountain "Mount Brigham," and this rock of Casteluzzo the "Rock of Prophecy." For here they had stood and dedicated the land of Italy for the preaching of the gospel. Vaudois families had been brought into the Church. In our hearts, as we stood there, was the prayer that the prophecies uttered on that hallowed occasion would soon come to fulfillment.

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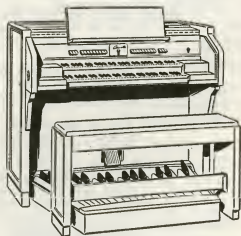
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CHRISTMAS IN COLONIA JUAREZ

(Concluded from page 799)

who wished to join her sewing circle.

When the hemming was finished to the satisfaction of Sister Lewis' kindly but critical eye, she brought out an array of transfer patterns and with a flatiron—always kept heating on the clumsy, wood-burning stove—she let the girls stamp their flowers and their butterflies in the corners or the center of their choice handwork. While the girls sewed and wrapped, Sister Lewis taught them Church songs, so that Christmas morning they would not only present the gifts, but in the evening they could also sing solos, duets, trios, in their shrilly melodious children's voices.

There were other preparations that the children could make even better than adults. Mistletoe, a luxury in the States, was to be had for the picking in Juarez. Clinging to the tall cottonwood trees, it made inviting bait for the boys and girls who, barefooted, shinnied up the smooth trunks of the trees to where, high up, the parasite flourished. Having reached the topmost branches, the children would gather the leaf groups with their white crown of sticky berries. Hanging from lamps, it made an inviting decoration. Who in the States ever possessed enough money to spend it extravagantly on mistletoe with which to decorate the packages?

EVEN in Mexico Santa Claus came with his reindeer and sleigh-bells. St. Nicholas, after all, is a matter of imagination, not of Fahrenheit. And Yankee-bred mothers could make the snow fly even in the dusty streets of Juarez. So vivid were the storytellers that children born and reared in Juarez knew the sting and exhilaration of the snow they had never seen, felt the pull of unused muscles as they listened to the tales of skating and sleigh-riding in Zion.

Always into the stockings went some of the goodies of the north, sent by longing grandparents or absent fathers in order that their loved ones might not be too completely weaned from older customs or forget in the more temperate region the land of their rightful inheritance. In this south land, there were rare tasties that even Yankee

palates craved and were denied in the north.

ON Christmas morning, with a shout, the children rushed to the "parlor" where everything had been carefully laid out the night before. The girls would receive their sewing boxes—mysteriously smelling of the redolent banana oil—complete with thimble, needles, thread, pins, and scraps for sewing, as well as the ebony needle sharpener, shaped like a strawberry. The older daughters might have scissors, but the younger ones were content with the promise that on good behavior they would be allowed to borrow them.

In the foot of the stocking was the treat of the day—a large orange. So scarce were oranges that the youngest ones were instructed how they should skin them, saving the yellow peel to cut out into fancy false teeth. Slipped into place, these orange teeth were sure to offer hours of grotesque amusement. While oranges grew lusciously, extravagantly, along the western coast of Sonora, the adjoining state, getting them into Chihuahua presented difficulty. Piled in sacks on patient burros, which then moved laboriously along the foothills, over the mountains, and down into the valleys, they at long last reached the Colonia Juarez children. It was small wonder then that great whoops of delight preceded the prying out of the golden globes from the stockings. With what joy they cradled them in their hands, hoarding them against their mounting appetites.

After the morning prayer of gratitude, the round of visiting began. At each home, the eating of some toothsome dainty was in order until at last even the bottomless stomach of childhood seemed to lose its elasticity, and the most delicate pastry or candy went begging.

CHRISTMAS EVENING was the climax of the day. A program was planned in which every member of the family took part, by song, story, recitation, or dramatization. Nowadays it seems strange, perhaps, that from this little community have come so many leaders of Church and educational activities. Those who lived there know why: they were trained in self-confidence by

their experiences in home evening performances. Moreover, their love of literature was fanned to life beyond life by the stories that these mothers loved and told.

Uncle Remus, *The Prince and the Pauper*, Rhoecus and his bee—all gained new lustre from the lips of these mothers. Strangely enough, many of these children did not realize that they were being trained so that never could they be tempted to read the salacious, the tawdry in books or magazines. Those mothers in an isolated community laid well the foundation of appreciation for the true and the great in literature.

Sometimes the whole community would gather on a Christmas evening for a real play presented in the Juarez Academy. The love of drama was not a century plant to the Mormons, flowering infrequently, but rather the very stuff of life, and wherever they went, little theaters blossomed.

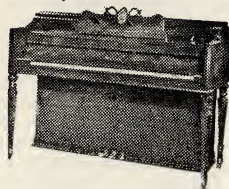
Always the last thing in the evening, family prayers would be held, in gratitude and reverence.

Throughout the day, there was a unanimity of purpose that made the Christmas of Colonia Juarez unusual. Because of the oneness of ideals, the Christmas celebration was free from the brawling and carousing that characterized similar celebrations in many towns of like size. No saloons were to be found in Colonia Juarez. Only reputable buildings were erected: shoeshops, for the Mormons were thrifty; harness shops, for they needed equipment that their horses might plow the land; a cannery, for they must provide in a time of plenty against a time of need; a planing mill, for they must have some way of getting material for building homes; a grist-mill, for wheat is essential for life; and a cheese factory. All these and more were erected by the industrious Saints. Peace and prosperity flowered in the wake of the Mormons, in Mexico as it had on the desert lands of the Great Basin.

All this peace and prosperity had its complete blossoming on Christmas day, a day of complete accord with the One for whom it had been named. Friendliness and good spirit, unselfishness and prayerfulness mingled to make it a day to be treasured against the time of another Christmas.

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"BEAT GLAD DRUMS!"

(Concluded from page 802)

the drums. The drums that weren't there.

"Oh, Jake," she whispered tearfully. "Things are so terribly important at sixteen."

"I know, honey. I know!"

THE children awakened all at once, and there were cries of, "Santa's been here!" The smaller children were already at their toys, and Mom and Dad must look and exclaim. But all the time they were watching Jerry. He lifted the jacket out of the big suit box, and as one they were at his side.

"Sorry we couldn't get the drums, Jerry," Jake was saying. "But right after the first of the year, I—"

"Have you and Mom been worrying about those drums?" Jerry turned and smiled at them, and it was a smile of great tenderness. "Gosh, I'm sorry. Guess I should have told you, but I wanted to surprise you. You see, I got to thinking about how you and Mom do so much for all of us, and I decided I didn't deserve drums unless I worked for them myself. That's when I got my job."

"You've been working nights, Jerry?"

"Sure, delivering telegrams for Western Union. I earned five bucks and took it into Kimball's music company, and begged the manager to save them for me. He said that

was against regulations, but I begged so hard he called the owner, Mr. Kimball. He said it was okay and took them out of the window. And he told me if I could raise five bucks more before Christmas he'd hold them for me for good. That's why I didn't say anything until I was sure."

"So you were the culprit that sabotaged us!" Jake laughed. "Your mother and I tried to buy them, too!"

"Oh, Jerry, we thought you were out with Pete Bakkus."

Jerry said, "Pete Bakkus!" And there was contempt in his voice. Jake's hand found hers and gave a hard squeeze. Some little thing—what it was didn't matter—had turned Jerry against Pete.

"But I can help you buy the drums, Son," Jake said. "I still got some money, and—"

Jerry's arm went around Jake's shoulders, and he looked taller than his father. "Thanks, Dad, but I'd kinda like to do this on my own. I'm taking a paper route starting next Monday. It's about time I was doing something to help you." He sounded almost like a man, and then Ruth saw the little boy look of anticipation come back in his face. "Just wait until I get my drums, Mom," he grinned. "And I'll beat you out some solid jive!"

Oh, beat, glad drums, in my heart, she thought exaltedly. Beat!

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Continued from page 809)

priestcraft, lawyer-craft, doctor-craft, lying editors, suborned judges and jurors, and the authority of perjured executives, backed by mobs, blasphemers, licentious and corrupt men and women—all hell knocking off a corner here and a corner there. Thus I will become a smooth and polished shaft in the quiver of the Almighty, who will give me dominion over all and every one of them, when their refuge of lies shall fail, and their hiding place shall be destroyed, while these smooth-polished stones with which I come in contact become marred."

Joseph Smith loved his fellow men. He did not hesitate to tell them so, or to show his love by his acts. The end of a letter to Jared Carter reads:

I love your soul, and the souls of the

children of men, and pray and do all I can for the salvation of all.²⁹

It was through Joseph that the Lord revealed anew the true dignity of man. Men are begotten spirit children of God. That makes all men of the race of Gods, with God-like destinies.

In the light of this divine origin and destiny of man, he understood the word of the Lord:

Remember, the worth of souls is great in the sight of God: . . .

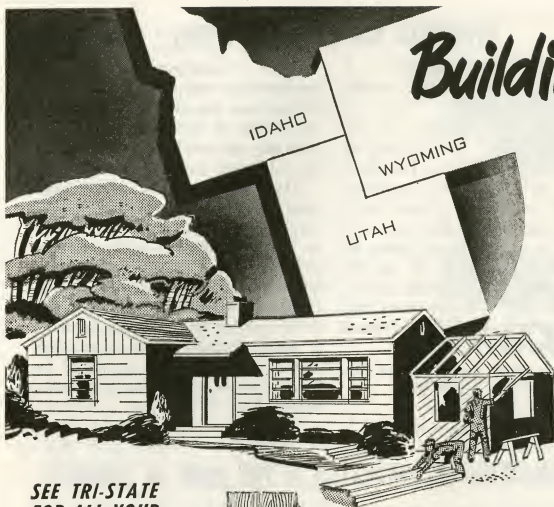
And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father!³⁰

²⁹Ibid., 1:339

³⁰Id., 6 C. 18:10, 15

(Concluded on page 826)

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EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 824)

This joy the Prophet sought throughout his years.

Throughout the pages of the Prophet's journal runs a spirit of love for his fellow men. He cherished his friendships, and spoke of them with so tender a love as to melt the heart. When he was urged to go to Carthage, where he was martyred, he said, "If my life is of no value to my friends it is of none to myself."¹² In the cause that he represented, he forgot himself and thought only of others.

By these tests, as by others, Joseph Smith was a great man.

¹²History of the Church, 6:549

Faith in God; love of truth; genuine humility; and sincere love of our fellow men, are always distinguishing marks of greatness. That applies not only to Joseph, but also to his followers now living.

These qualities also answer those who would have the Church founded through Joseph Smith make this or that change, set up this or that practice. The Church as an organization must never fail to appeal to God, or go beyond the bounds of truth; but must look upon itself as a mere instrument to accomplish God's purposes; and in all of its work must be a blessing to humankind.—J. A. W.

THE LAMANITES AS PORTRAYED IN THE BOOK OF MORMON

(Continued from page 793)

Nephites joined the Lamanites as has been suggested, it must have been sometime between the days of the elder Mosiah and the days of Zeniff, who led Nephites from Zarahemla to the land of their forefathers. Zeniff makes no mention of finding descendants of the main body of Nephites after arriving at the place of their inheritance. (See Mosiah 9:3-8.)

The Lamanites at their worst are described in the Book of Mormon as having an evil nature and as being wild, ferocious, bloodthirsty, idolatrous, and filthy, dwelling in tents, and feeding upon beasts of prey. (Enos 20.) They went about with short skin girdles around their loins, and their heads were shaven. (*Ibid.*) They were skilled in the use of the bow, the cimeter, and the ax. Many ate nothing but raw meat, and they sought continually to destroy the Nephites. (*Ibid.*) At their best many Lamanites were converted by the Nephites and became model members of the Nephite church. A good example of such conversion is found in Alma 23. Here it is recounted that the king of the Lamanites sent a proclamation forth prohibiting anyone from laying hands upon the four missionary sons of King Mosiah or in any way preventing them from carrying out their ministry. Thousands of Lamanites were brought to a knowledge of the truth. The sacred record testifies:

And as sure as the Lord liveth, so sure as many as believed, or as many as were brought to the knowledge of the truth, through the preaching of Ammon and his brethren, according to the spirit of revelation and of prophecy, and the power of God working miracles in them—yea, I say unto you, as the Lord liveth, as many of the Lamanites as believed in their preaching, and were converted unto the Lord, never did fall away.

For they became a righteous people; they did lay down the weapons of their rebellion, that they did not fight against God any more, neither against any of their brethren. (Alma 23:6-7.)

This is a wonderful testimony to the faithfulness of the converted Lamanites. The greatest war story in the Book of Mormon concerns the faith and valor of the two thousand "sons of Helaman," actually the sons of Lamanites who had renounced war and killing forever. (See Alma 24; 53:10-22; 56-58.) Nor should we forget Samuel, the great Lamanite prophet who foretold the signs of Christ's birth and death. (Helaman 14.) The resurrected Savior held Samuel in such great favor that he commanded that the Nephite records be amended to record the fulfillment of his prophecies. (III Nephi 23:9-13.)

When the Lamanites fully understood the word of God, they were extremely faithful, and in many instances the curse of a dark skin was taken from them. (See III Nephi 2:11-16.) Furthermore, they were quite capable of preaching to the Nephites. Samuel the Lamanite is

an illustrious example of this fact.

Let us summarize this brief account of the Lamanites:

1. The Lamanites as portrayed in the Book of Mormon are descendants of the combined Nephite, Mulekite, and Lamanite peoples who were spared on this continent at the time of the Savior's crucifixion.

2. The Lamanites were a scourge to the Nephites to keep them faithful to the Lord.

3. The Lamanite people survived the Nephites because they observed the Lord's commandments respecting marriage as predicted by the prophet Jacob. (Jacob 3:6.)

4. The main body of Nephites from which the elder Mosiah and his followers departed (Omni 12, 13) were probably either destroyed or lost their identity by joining the Lamanites.

5. When the Lamanites understood the Lord's word, they were very faithful and renounced their filth and their crude methods of living. Samuel the Lamanite was one of the greatest prophets of the Book of Mormon.

6. The promise of the Lord to the Lamanite remnant, our Indians, is that they shall yet receive the gospel and become a white and delightful people.

AND UNTO THEE OUR LIVES IN PURITY

By Caroline Eyring Miner

(This poem was written for and read at the dedication of the Riverton First Ward Chapel, December 28, 1947. May it symbolize a great movement all over this Church.)

TODAY we dedicate this house to thee,
Dear Lord, this glorious chapel we have built,

Its spire, a finger lifted reverently
Toward thee whose precious blood was
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For us. It is the symbol of our love,
Our unity, our hope of better things;
Our faith in leaders with a dream above
Self-interest, whose fulfillment brings

A satisfaction known alone to those
Who act as loving shepherds to the fold
Leading aright their precious flocks to en-
close

Them in a sheltered haven where no cold,
No unbelief, no hurt, nor harm can come.

From this day on let quiet peace be here!
Let here be tolerance for all; let some
Sweet music, gracious deed, kind word of
cheer,

Given some lonely heart within this place,
Lead him to look with joy upon thy face.
Let here be faith and hope and charity.
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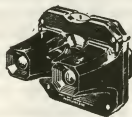
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CYNTHIA CURTIS

(Concluded from page 789)

had answered laughingly.

James knew he meant he intended to stay there, too, and he could see why. Phil was helping people who really needed him. He wasn't interested in money alone. If only Cynthia would try to give in just once, it would be so much easier.

THE next two days passed very quickly. He was busy buying Christmas toys—he hadn't had so much fun for ages. He roamed from one store to another. He couldn't make up his mind which doll he liked best, the one with the blue dress and brown eyes or the one with the pink dress and blue eyes. Finally he solved the problem by taking both of them. He hid the toys in the basement. Cynthia would really "have a fit" if she got a glance at all this.

How he wished getting a present for her was as easy and as much fun as buying for the children had been. The trouble with her was that she already had everything.

Cynthia had stood it as long as possible. She was convinced her father didn't know what he was doing. She herself would put a stop to all this nonsense. She marched into the orphanage. Golly! what a terrible place—the walls were so dingy and drab. The quicker she got this over with the better. Mrs. Harper approached her. "I'm Cynthia Curtis and—"

"Oh, yes, Miss Curtis." Mrs. Harper exclaimed, "I have read about you so often in the paper. Your singing is very lovely. I read about your studying music in Europe for ten months. I have always admired you so much that I hoped I could meet you and get acquainted sometime. If you only knew how the thought of going to your place has helped those children; they are getting ready. You are a trifle early, but sit down, and I'll fetch them."

Cynthia sat down miserably. She hadn't been able to get a word in edgewise. Oh, well, as soon as they came, she would just tell them she was sorry, but something unexpected had come up and they couldn't take them after all.

There were several girls working, typing, and straightening out files. It was rather noisy. She could

hear a strangely familiar voice telling someone that a child needed special medical care which the orphanage could not afford.

Just then the children came out laughing. She couldn't help noticing how pale Brenda was. She must have been the one the man was speaking of.

They crowded eagerly around her. She tried to speak but could not. It was as if some force was holding her mouth shut.

She found herself carrying Brenda, with the boys racing in front to the car. All the way home they talked and laughed and seemed thrilled about everything.

She answered their many questions somehow. They wanted to know if Santa would find them.

WHEN they were inside the house, they stood in silence gazing at the tree of their choice so beautifully lighted and decorated, and at the many presents under it.

"Let's sing 'Silent Night.' Our doctor taught it to us. He is so nice," Tommy said, jumping up and down.

As they were gathering around the piano, Phil came in. His eyes showed plainly his puzzlement—was Cynthia trying to mock him?

Brenda was the first to reach him. All three of them were talking at once.

Finally when the noise ceased, Phil explained how he had consented to be the orphanage doctor.

Cynthia fought to keep back her tears. She hadn't wanted the children here because of what Phil would think, and he had been going over there, free of charge, giving them help, even teaching them Christmas carols. How wrong she had been! She knew now what Christmas really should be.

Phil came toward her. "You really have the true Christmas spirit, honey. Not everyone who could afford to do this for three homeless kiddies would."

Through her tears the tiny diamond gleamed twice as bright, as Phil slipped it on her finger.

James was remembering how twenty years before he and his wife had brought home a bundle from the same orphanage—their most wonderful Christmas gift—with the name of Cynthia.

The Fort On the Firing Line

(Continued from page 798)

supremely wonderful. What a glorious and unexpected transformation for these enemies of twenty years from each side of the big river who had been hating and dreading and fighting each other to the death!

Among the thousands who rejoiced, no one suspected that the new accord was resting on a slippery foundation from which it might fall headlong in an hour. Without a word of warning the whole hard-earned arrangement, in an evil moment, was to be upset and go tumbling to the earth; the report of it to send a shudder into every Mormon home from Kanab northward.

LATE in the fall of 1874, four Navajo brothers, returning from a long trading trip into the northern settlements, followed the east fork of the Sevier River back towards their reservation. When they camped for the night in Grass Valley, winter seemed suddenly to set in, and snow fell heavily, piling up to alarming depths. Feeling secure in the thought that they were in a land of good will for their people, the boys entertained no alarm at the prospect of their trail homeward becoming impassable.

They had stopped in a cow-cabin, affording them ample shelter from the storm which, according to appearances, might continue for days. When it did continue with indications that they might be compelled to spend at least part of the winter right there, they had to meet the problems of getting food or going hungry. Doting still on the belief that they need have no fear of people in the nearby towns and ranches, they planned to butcher a fat calf from the cattle under the trees around them. They would hang it from a limb in plain sight, and when the owners came, which would no doubt be soon, to drift to the winter range, they would understand, and would accept pay for their emergency trespass.

Trustful and easy by their warm fire as the storm raged, they ate the juicy beef, and watched for someone with whom to make settlement, for they had the cash ready after their long trading trip in the north.

But, alas, their nearest neighbors were deadly enemies. That cabin and the cattle around it belonged to some brothers, who afterwards became notorious as highwaymen and had to be shot on sight. They had no sympathy for the Mormons, no love for the Navajos, and no regard for the long toil and sacrifice by which this blessed peace had been brought about.

When these men rode out in the storm to get their cattle and found the boys in their cabin and the beef hanging in a tree, they waited for no explanation but began to shoot. They killed three of the brothers, and

(Continued on page 830)

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The Fort On the Firing Line

(Continued from page 829)
the other one crawled away, badly wounded in the snow.

O how extreme necessity does drive men over the formidable barrier which they thought was impossible to climb! When that Navajo boy afoot, wounded and without food or bedding, had to be killed by these murderers, or face the long journey in this condition, the journey he had hesitated about undertaking with a horse and in good health, he simply did the impossible. He would report to his anxious father and mother; his resolution would allow him to stop at nothing short of it. He would warn his people away from this land of treachery, even though he had to crawl the last end of the journey and whisper it to them with his last breath.

How he ever fought his way through trackless wilderness and winter, mountains, gulches, and deserts more than a hundred miles and got to the Colorado River alive is difficult for anyone to imagine who knows the country he had to cover. And how, wounded, half frozen, and famishing with hunger, he ever struggled through the strong icy current to the east side of the river is quite beyond comprehension. It is said that he crossed somewhere near the mouth of the Trachyte, and he toiled through a more terrible region still, before he reached the San Juan. The Navajos declared he was thirteen days without food or blankets, thirteen days nursing desperate wounds, fighting frost, and making record hikes while he chose his own way mile after mile and broke his path through the snow.

When he dragged himself out on the south side of the San Juan, the land of his people, his story and his appearance were like a blaze in dry shavings. The Navajos repeated his words with foam on their lips, and they gathered heat with each relay. The frenzied impulse all over the reservation was to mount in haste, cross the big river and the Buckskin Mountains in a resistless horde, and make Momondom a blotch of blood and ashes from Kanab to the lakes. It was the hot passion for revenge which, once started on its mad course, demanded a thousand prices for its loss.

Furious echoes from the reservation reached into Utah. Even through the winter and over the deep snow came the sound of grim war gathering power to strike. It came to the ears of Brigham Young, but instead of ordering his people to arm for the conflict, he relied on the greater force which had done more for them than arms could do. He called for Jacob Hamblin. He wanted Hamblin, by the use of his superior power, to go at once and turn the surging tide back from its mistaken course—one man to meet and overcome singlehanded and without arms, a furious nation of fifteen thousand or more hot for revenge.

(To be continued)

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The Editor's Page

(Concluded from page 785)

of Him who gave us life; let us pray for and sustain those whom the Lord has called to preside over us; let us set the world an example of righteousness, which will preach the gospel as it has never been preached in all the years that have passed.

Let us so live that our faith can heal the sick and stay the hand of the destroyer when he invades our communities. Let us remember the faithful Saints who are scattered among the nations and petition the Lord for their peace and protection.

Let us do our duty in all things, that we may receive the blessings that are promised the faithful. With all our material blessings let us not lose sight at this season of the things that are eternal, the things that are worth while, and let us prepare to lay hold upon those greater blessings. Let us not put away from us the things of God.

Let us evidence our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the many blessings bestowed upon us by living righteous lives.

I am grateful for the testimony the Lord has given me that this is his work. I know that he lives. I know that Jesus Christ is his Son and the Redeemer of the world. I know and bear witness that Joseph Smith was the instrument in the hands of our Father to bring again the gospel of salvation to the children of men, and that the Lord has continued his priesthood in this Church since the days of the Prophet, and until the present time.

This is the Lord's work; it is the power of God unto salvation, for every man and every woman who will receive and obey its precepts, and I bear this witness in the name of Jesus the Christ, the Son of God, the Prince of Peace. Amen.



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LOS ANGELES
"TWO PERSONS — ONE CHARGE"

(Concluded from page 815)
drinking evil ranks as one of the greatest curses of mankind, we go on drinking and drinking and making this damning practice a part of our social life. On November 2 the voters of California defeated "local option"; those of Kansas knocked out her sixty-eight-year-old prohibition law; those of Washington—a liquor monopoly state—approved sale by the drink, notwithstanding this method of dispensing liquor has always resulted in a greater per capita consumption. The powerful liquor monster is still on the march.

In Utah an effort was made in 1946 to secure sale by the drink, using the initiative method as was done in Oregon in the recent election. Thank the Lord the effort failed in both states. There were rumors about in recent months that another effort would be made in the newly-elected Utah legislature to loosen up the state liquor laws so as to permit sale by the drink. Time

will tell whether there was any foundation to these rumors. Such a move, however, would likely not succeed because most of the newly-elected members of the legislature are pledged against it.

But one thing is certain—those who profit by the liquor trade in any and all its ramifications will spend money and do everything in their power to promote their business. Those who favor temperance and total abstinence must always be alert. This is as true in Utah as it is in other states. We would favor tightening up, but never loosening up. Promoters of the liquor business must never find us asleep. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Lawmaking bodies and law enforcement officers must feel that we are watching and will defend them against the forces of evil—forces that would not stop at bribery or other criminal means to attain their ends.

"O TANNENBAUM"

(Continued from page 803)

"WHAT are you looking at, my lovely darling? Has a light gone out? Is a string of tinsel askew? Are the balls unbalanced? This is our first tree—our very own handiwork. It must be good. So tell me quick—give!"

Sue laughed. "I'm afraid lots of things could be wrong, and I wouldn't even know. It looks so marvelous that all I want to do is stand and admire it. But as you well know, I have a lightning mind, and it leaps about. I was looking at that one great dazzling ball—the gold one near the top of the tree—and thinking of Mrs. Draper."

"So the great dazzling ball reminds you of Mrs. Draper? Usually I can follow you—slow as I am. This past six months has given me plenty of exercise in said following. But this time I'm lost. What is it about the ball that reminds you of Mrs. Draper?"

"Not of her—just something she said."

"Such as—"

"She said once that she had noticed that every truly successful person had the ability to keep his eye 'on the ball.'"

"Oh, sure—just a good athletic term used in golf, tennis, football, basketball. What's it got to do with Christmas tree decorations?"

"It makes me wonder. While I

was at school, I'm sure I didn't keep my eye on the ball very well. I had my eye on you too much—at least after you got home."

"Well, I'm as good for your eyes any day as old Doc Black in psychology."

"You're loads and loads better, Bryce, but I still wonder whether we remember the real goals—whether we don't get ourselves all confused with the little things."

"Now who's the philosopher?"

"Well, think about it. Don't we forget eternity while we play around with time? It seems to me that we sometimes forget to live while we're attempting to earn a living. And when I get very busy trying to finish up the furnishing of these few rooms, I almost forget about love."

"Don't you dare. Kindly remember that I come first in all things!" He was beaming at her. "I guess it is easy to forget the big things. We'll try to watch it, Susy."

"I just don't want to forget the real purpose of Christmas, Bryce, while I'm having such fun with the trinkets. I want to keep my eye on the real ball and remember what we're celebrating."

"Me, too," said Bryce.

THE tree was decorated. It stood near the window, "So its light will shine forth," said Sue. A star

shone on top. Light flowed and sparkled. It ran along the spiraling tinsel and dripped from icicles. It bounced from big balls and spread itself over little ones.

"Isn't it heavenly? Of course, we spent too much on the decorations, but the tree was for free, and these other things will last for years and years."

"That's what we always say," grinned Bryce. "Seems to me that everything we get is bought to the tune of 'This will last forever.' What are we trying to do—salve our own uneasy consciences?"

"No, indeed, just emphasizing the permanence of our marriage. Someday maybe we'll have everything fixed up to last for at least ten years, and all we'll have to worry about will be the current expenses."

"Speaking of light bills?" Bryce's wink was large.

"I love the light. I like the word and the idea—and everything!"

"I can remember when Dad and Mother used candles on our Christmas tree," Bryce was thinking back. I can remember those little tapers and the tiny jaws that clipped them to the tree. I always worried about those teeth set on the innocent branches, but I loved the candles."

"Much too dangerous—too many fires and burnt kids—"

"Yes, I guess so, honey, but I still liked 'em. You know something, though—I never liked the cranberry strings and the popcorn festoons. Did you?"

"Why, of course I did. I loved 'em. Bryce, I'm disappointed in you. Why, for the goodness' sake, don't you like them? I was thinking of making some!"

Bryce was laughing. "Too dangerous! Too many sticky germs and stuff. Susy, girl, please make all my cranberries into sauce and my popcorn into nice little balls all tied up with cellophane."

"You don't have to eat the garlands, Bryce."

"Well, if you don't, it's a sinful waste. How about if I make a nice log fire? I love a fire."

"Too dangerous—and a sinful waste." Sue looked prim, but her eyes were dancing.

"It could be," admitted Bryce. "But in some ways it's quite the opposite. This will be very safe because you and I will watch it, and

(Continued on page 834)

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"O TANNENBAUM"

(Continued from page 833)

it will be very saving because you and I will turn out the lights—all but the Christmas tree—and sit by the fire—this way—and watch the tree and think about wonderful things and be filled with happiness and wisdom and the Christmas spirit."

"I am the light of the world," quoted Susan softly.

"THAT STAR is really lovely, Bryce. Mother always had an angel on her tree. It looked very beautiful with its wide wings and sweet face and angel hair."

"Sounds like that stuff the Gleaners used for decorating their banquet. It smarts your eyes and tickles your nose and itches your arms."

"Yes, I'd hate to be an angel if I had to wear angel hair—but it's pretty. Do you think our star is big enough for this tree?"

"Could be larger, but it's all right. Somehow, to me stars seem just right for Christmas trees. Sometime I'd like to decorate our tree with nothing else but—"

"And throw away all of these lovely things we've bought so as to last for years and years? Oh, Bryce!"

"Just thinking out loud, darlin'. I like stars. I like them in the sky. I like to hunt for the Big Dipper and point to the North Star. I like to pretend that I really know something about what my little sister always called 'the consternations.'"

"Did she? My little brother always called them the 'consolations.'"

"Well, they console me all right. I like Venus, the morning star, and I like falling stars. I even like moonless nights because the stars are so splendid!"

"I know—the stars of an Arizona sky."

"Yes, or at sea. They're wonderful at sea, Sue."

"I always loved the story of the star over the manger. A new star in the heavens. A star that shone over the whole world. I wish everyone could look at it tonight."

"If we're in the wishing business, I wish everything could be perfect everywhere tonight. I wish the spirit of unselfishness—of love and

mercy and justice and forgiveness could reign in every heart."

"I wish covetousness and envy and jealousy and malice and hatred could be destroyed."

"I wish that joy and satisfaction and happiness and cheer could flow over the world."

"I wish that hunger and sorrow and suffering could cease."

"Someday it will—all of it—when enough wish it—hard enough. It must be with many as it is with us here tonight."

"When you wish upon a star—"

"BRYCE," said Sue, "I've been thinking—"

"See, I told you that the firelight would perform miracles."

"Quiet! Off with your head! One false move and you're dead!" Susan's voice came lazily from his shoulder. "I suppose you're trying to tell me that it's good to be light-hearted and bad to be light-headed, *n'est ce pas?*"

"Just because you studied a smidgen of French, you needn't get fancy with me, my proud beauty!"

"Well, I was really going to say, *nicht wahr?* Is it too soon to speak of the German language with affection, Bryce?"

"Too soon for what?"

"Too soon after the war. Do you have any real animosity toward that country, Bryce?"

"Not a bit. Of course, I had a bad time there—definitely. I saw terrible things. I felt fear and horror. I was nearly always sick in my heart and often in my body. But I don't hold it against the people. Certainly not against the language. Why?"

"Christmas trees—fir trees—always remind me of Germany. I've never been there, of course, but I used to sing, 'O Tannenbaum' in high school, and I loved it. We had the most fun in German class of any. I'd like to go there some day."

"Where—German class?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean—Germany."

"Some day I want to go. As a matter of fact, I want to see Christmas in many lands. I would like to share a Danish Christmas Eve, and I would like to poke a Mex-

ican piñata. I would like to sit down to a French *reveillon* and send my friends the marvelous French Christmas cards. I would like to go visiting on English 'Boxing Day' and see the pantomimes and listen to the carols. I would like to eat Italian *Torrone* and Russian *Con-tia*."

"Susy, you've been reading again! I know you don't know all those words by yourself."

"Right you are. I read now and see them later. Let's go together sometime, Bryce."

"It's a date, my Christmas angel. In the meantime, how would you like me to teach you 'Merry Christmas' in all the languages I know?"

"You mean in German and English—I already know those." Susan's voice was suspicious.

"No, honest. My father taught me quite a few. He takes delight in finding people from other countries and getting them to teach him their way of saying it. Want to learn?"

"I do, indeed. But I think what you are really trying to do is divert my mind from its wistful longings. But go ahead anyway."

"*Glædelig Jul!* That's Danish."

"It's easy, too. Of course it means Glad Yule."

"Bright girl. Now try this. *Hauskaa Joulua*—that's Finnish."

"I know the French, Bryce, *Joyeux Noël* — only we always added *petites enfants*."

"Nice addition. In Italy it's *Bono Natale*, in Portugal *Boas Festas* and in Spain *Felices Pascuas*."

"What is the Swedish?"

"*God Jul*—meaning, of course, Good Yule. The Dutch is harder *Hartelijke Kerstgroeten*."

"What about South American?"

"The only one I know is the Brazilian, *Feliz Natala*."

"My, I'm glad I have such a smart husband. I feel so educated. 'Merry Christmas' in English, Bryce dear. Look at our lovely tree—Germany gave us the idea of Christmas trees so *Fröhliche Weihnachten* too. Oh, lovely, lovely fir tree. There's always something gay and beautiful about Christmas and Christmas trees but something deep and touching, too—the whole world over—

"O *Tannenbaum*, O *Tannenbaum*—"

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD IN ANCIENT TIMES

(Continued from page 788)

earliest versions of what eventually became the medieval Easter drama, the *Harrowing of Hell*, Satan and Death appear as rulers of different spheres: in the dialogue between them Death begs Satan to retain Christ in his realm, which is the earth, so that he might not descend and cause havoc in the underworld.³⁴ This idea appears in the very old pseudo-gospel of Nicodemus, wherein Satan, boasting that he has overcome Christ on earth, asks Death to make sure that the Lord's mission is likewise frustrated in his kingdom below.³⁵ No less a scholar than Harnack after prolonged searching declares that he knows of no passage in which "the Gates of Hell" signifies the realm of Satan, or is used to refer to the devil himself or to his hosts.³⁶

"The gates of hell," then, does not refer to the devil at all; though his snares and wiles might lead men sooner or later to their death, delivering them "to the destruction of the flesh" (I Cor. 5:5; Luke 13:16); his power ends there. The gates of hell are the gates of hell—the "holding back" of those who are in the spirit world from attaining the object of their desire.

There is a great wealth of oriental legend and liturgy recalling how a divine hero overcame Death in a knock-down and drag-out contest—the central episode of the famous Year-drama.³⁷ Sometimes the hero smashes the door of the underworld as part of his campaign. Contamination from these sources was sure to occur in the Christian interpretation of Christ's mission to the "underworld," but as Schmidt has shown at length, the early Christians never connect the two traditions: there is no fight when Christ goes to open the way for the release of the dead; he meets absolutely no opposition, and does not have to smash the gates, since he has the key.³⁸ How incompatible the two versions are is apparent in those early accounts which, characteristically, attempt to combine them. Thus when Prudentius, the first great Christian poet, tells of Christ's visit to the underworld, he includes the gate-smashing episode, derived not from any Christian source, however, but borrowed

from the tragedy *Hercules Furiens* of the pagan Seneca.^{39a}

Thus in the Odes of Solomon:

And I opened the doors that were closed;
I rent asunder the iron bolts . . . and
nothing appeared closed to me, since I
myself was the gate of everything; and I
went to all my imprisoned ones to free
them, so that I left none in bonds; and I
imparted my knowledge without stint, sowing
my seed in their hearts and turning
them to me. . . .³⁹

Christ would hardly smash the gate if he himself were the gate.

THE RESTORATION OF ALL THINGS AND THE END OF ALL THINGS

THE unfolding of the great plan of salvation with "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven" was continued a week after the "gates of hell" discussion, when the Lord took Peter, James, and John with him up onto the Mount.⁴⁰ The two events are remarkably alike: there is the same great care to insure privacy, the same limited and selected number of participants, the same mention of a long and important conversation, with the same reluctance to reveal what was said; in each case there is an outburst by Peter, mention of a direct revelation from the Father regarding his Son, the same strict admonition to secrecy, and the same full and explicit declaration that the message is not going to be accepted by the world at that time.⁴¹ The whole thing reminds one strikingly of the restoration of the gospel in the latter-days,

Around the World On Christmas

(Concluded from page 794)

day School general board is carried out, with some possible adjustments to fit in with local conditions, on the Sunday nearest Christmas. Our sacrament service on the Sunday evening is devoted to music and talks.

The day after Christmas, excepting when the 26th of December falls on Sunday, is observed as "Boxing Day" or the day to celebrate by going to "Bios," or the beaches or the time to have parties.

Both Christmas and Boxing Day are public holidays.

when the great key revelations came in just such quick, wonderful succession to just such a selected few and by the ministrations of the same heavenly beings. Could Joseph Smith have worked that all out?

The Apostles awoke from sleep to find Jesus conversing with "two men," Moses and Elias. Of this consummately important discussion not a word is given. The first utterance reported on the Mount is Peter's ecstatic reaction to what he had heard, and the Apostle is described as *answering* someone: no mere Hebraism, as the churchmen would have it, for we are told that a conversation was already in progress.⁴² On the mountain the three Apostles saw Moses and Elias not as essences, historic allegories, or lovely old legends, but simply as "two men." They also saw Jesus glorified, and he did not dissolve into an ocean of being; "The fashion of his countenance was altered," as was his raiment, but he still had a countenance and wore raiment, and the Apostles, though they had been sleeping, recognized who he was. They did not see the Father, however, because, we are explicitly told, a cloud came and "screened" or "shielded" them from the sight, as was indeed necessary, since they had already had as much as they could stand and "were sore afraid."⁴³ Even if one renders *episkiazo* "overshadow," as the King James version of the Bible does, one has but to consider that a cloud can overshadow an object only when it is between that object and something brighter than itself: if it "overshadowed" the Apostles, the cloud, brilliant though we are told it was, must have shut off a still greater light. It was by just such a cloud that Jesus at the Ascension was "caught up away from their eyes." (Acts 1:9.) Is God the Father a cloud? If not, then this was either a gross misrepresentation, or else the cloud was provided to screen a presence so glorious that the Apostles could not support the sight. The voice they heard through the cloud was not an inner voice or a rational conclusion or the clink of a chain of syllogisms, but something that actually came "out of the cloud"; the voice of the Father did not come, as it might have, from any other direc-

tion but from the same direction as the light, for in this revelation when the most privileged of the Apostles were seeing Moses, Elias, and Christ in their glory as they really are, they were also allowed to experience as great a proximity to the real person of the Father as they could stand.

Is it not strange that in the endless philosophical speculation that has gone into forming the creeds of Christendom from Nicaea to the present day almost no mention is ever made of the one instance in which the true nature of the Godhead was plainly revealed? Until the days of Joseph Smith it apparently never occurred to anyone to take the scripture at its face value. Why has this most illuminating passage of scripture been consistently ignored? Plainly because the whole episode had not been understood. The whole story of the Transfiguration passes for little more than a theatrical interlude—something for plasterers and painters to work on. Yet as the four descend from the mountain, their talk is of "the restoration of all things." That explains why Moses was there, for to him had been entrusted the covenant of the Old Testament, while the mission of Elias, the Lord explains, was "to restore all things." As in their former conversation, Jesus warned the Apostles to tell no man what they had seen and heard, and announced again with the greatest emphasis that the work was to be completely rejected by the world, even as Elias had been rejected. "It is hardly surprising, then, to find these same Apostles announcing a few years later that "the end of all things is at hand" (Peter), that "it is the last time" (John), and that the Saints should be "an example of suffering affliction" with no hope of rescue save in the world to come (James).⁴⁶ What was meant by "all things" coming to an end? The universe and heaven and hell were not coming to an end, and neither was the world itself, for John states that the antichrist is just beginning to take over the church, "whereby we know that it is the last time." (I John 2:18.) For the Apostles, the beginning of the antichrist's rule is the sign that something else has reached its end, and what can that be? "The restoration of all things"

(Continued on page 838)

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This Month With CHURCH PUBLICATIONS The Instructor . . .

BESIDES the regular features, the December issue of *The Instructor* contains the full texts of addresses by President David O. McKay, former general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union, and Earl J. Glade and Adam S. Bennion, members of the present general board. These addresses were a part of the semi-annual Sunday School conference held October 3, 1948.

The cover picture is of Zina Y. Card, and there is an accompanying biographical sketch.

Much of the space allotted to the library department is devoted to questions often asked by Sunday School librarians as they start to build or improve present libraries for use by Sunday School teachers.

The Children's Friend . . .

ABOUNDING in stories, handicrafts suggestions, and articles, the Christmas number of *The Children's Friend* will be a delight to young folk. And the authors are those that have long rung a bell with old and young: Elsie Chamberlain Carroll, Jane Renshaw, Elizabeth Duane, J. Spencer Cornwall, Alice B. Woolf, Abbie H. Wells, Betti Williamson—and many others who do a right good job of laying the right kind of foundation for holiday fun. If you don't believe so, listen to these titles: His Brother's Keeper, Top of the Tree, The Young Shepherd, One Child's Christmas, A Three-day Christmas, White Satin, The Tree Horse, Fun with Color, Timely Tips, Books for Christmas.

The Relief Society Magazine . . .

THE December issue features an article by President George Albert Smith, Living to Enjoy the Blessings of the Lord. There are also several articles and stories that emphasize the Christmas theme: Aprons for Christmas by Alice Willardson, Christmas Presents Can Be Different by Elizabeth Williamson, Christmas Letter by Grace R. Squire, Lean Your Ear This Way by Iris W. Schow, and Then Came Christmas by Grace A. Woodbury. The serial *Questing Lights* concludes in this issue. The frontispiece, The Christmas Dream by Christie Lund Coles, is delightful. Additional poetry adds a flair to the magazine which contains the regular lessons and features as well as additional information of interest. The editorial, The Heavens Declare the Glory, is the work of Vesta P. Crawford.

DECEMBER 1948

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General Petroleum Corporation	780	Tri-State Lumber	825
Glen Brothers Music Company	839	Utah Home Fire Insurance Company	831
Hall's Remedy	832	Utah Mining Association	828
Hotel Utah	833	Utah Oil Refining Company	830
Hunter, Milton R.	829	Utah Photo Materials Company	827
Instruct-O-Tones	837	Utah Power & Light Company	832
Kolob Corporation	782	Van Camp Sea Food Company	779
Lakeland Hotel	832	Weston Publishing Company	Inside back cover
Lassig's Appliances	835	Ye Kings Rest Motel	834

Your Page AND OURS

Vaudois Records Microfilmed



ARCHIBALD
F.
BENNETT

ARCHIBALD F. BENNETT whose article, "Vaudois Records Microfilmed," appears on page 790, holds a master's degree in history from the University of Utah. Long associated with genealogical matters of the Church, he was appointed executive secretary and librarian of the Genealogical Society of the Church in September 1928. He became a member of the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union on August 20, 1940.

Early in November he returned from his third trip abroad since war hostilities ceased. During each trip he made contacts for the microfilming of genealogical records for the Church. Microfilming projects are now being conducted in Wales, England, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Italy. He has also been investigating the possibilities of microfilm programs in Germany, Switzerland, and France.

A story, "The Vaudois Revisited," appeared in the January 1948 IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Baptism for the Dead in Ancient Times

HUGH
NIBLEY, Ph.D.



HUGH NIBLEY, whose definitive series, "Baptism for the Dead in Ancient Times," begins on page 787 of the current issue is a thorough student, a product of Mormonism, a grandson of the late President Charles W. Nibley of the First Presidency. After filling a mission in the Swiss-German Mission, he received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California at Los Angeles in 1934, and went on to receive his Doctor of Philosophy degree in ancient history from the University of California at Berkeley in 1938. He taught at the "sun-washed expanses of Claremont Colleges, California," until called into the armed forces of World War II, where he became a member of the 101 A/B Division. He is now Associate Professor of History and Religion at Brigham Young University, the Church university, at Provo, Utah, having joined that faculty in 1946.

Glendale, California
November 1, 1948

Dear Editors:

THE last few months I have been attending your Church, and have found it a wonderful experience, and quite different from the coldness I experienced in belonging to another church for many years. I came to the West Ward of Glendale a complete stranger, and I cannot begin to tell you of the warmth, and cordiality I experienced. So many people came to me and shook my hand. I did not feel alone but as though I belonged, and had at last found my friends and my church.

The unity of these people, the devotion to their God, has been a most inspiring experience for me. I have also been so happy in having my four children join in the marvelous Christian program the Latter-day Saints have for their children.

A week ago someone lent me your magazine, THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, and I found it most helpful.

Sincerely,
Ruth Rames Munson

Provo, Utah

Dear Brethren:

YOU have been doing a marvelous job on the *Era*. It is a magazine which I enjoy reading. In fact I like it so well that I have read every single article in every issue from October 1942 to September 1946, except one issue which was lost. I will finish that one, soon, too.

Now I am attending Brigham Young University and don't have as much time for reading it, but I am still following the same policy, because it is a magazine that can appeal to all people regardless of their likes or dislikes.

May God bless you in your good work.

(signed) Donald Voss

(Birmingham, England)

Herstal, Liege, Belgique

Dear Editors:

WHILE reading the book *Golden Nuggets of Thought* this morning, I came across this fine little quotation, "Prayer is the passport to spiritual power." It occurred to me at the time that if prayer is the passport to spiritual power, then clean living must certainly be the visa. We missionaries who are now in Europe, and those of us who are still waiting in the Eastern States Mission or to come to Europe, have found that having a passport doesn't give us full authority to travel in the countries included in the French Mission. One needs the visa, too. It might be added that without a passport, obtaining a visa would be pretty much out of the question.

Sincerely,

A French Missionary
Norman Carl Ahern, Jr.

Victoria, Texas

Dear Editors:

AWAY down here, we have few contacts with Church members. There are sixteen members, just three families, and a dear sister, a typical loving grandmother to us all.

We also have four dear friends who meet with us and each one reads and rereads all he gets to keep in touch with the Church. Missionaries come here each second Sunday to help us along in our study of the gospel.

We truly appreciate THE IMPROVEMENT ERA with its rays of hope and counsel. To us it is most inspiring.

Very gratefully yours,
Sidney B. Arnold

As the man was twisting his radio dial, he felt a sudden sharp pain in his back.

"Oh," he cried, "I think I'm getting lumbago."

"Why bother to listen?" asked his wife. "You won't be able to understand a word of it."

Hotel Keeper: "Here are a few views of our hotel for you to take with you, sir."

Guest: "Thanks, but I have my own views of your hotel."

Diner: "Waiter, the portions seem to have got a lot smaller lately."

Waiter: "Just an optical illusion, sir. Now that the restaurant has been enlarged, they look smaller—that's all."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Lowell-Cabot, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—to—well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."

Where do ideas come from?

by Joseph H. Weston

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